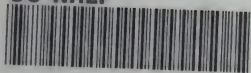
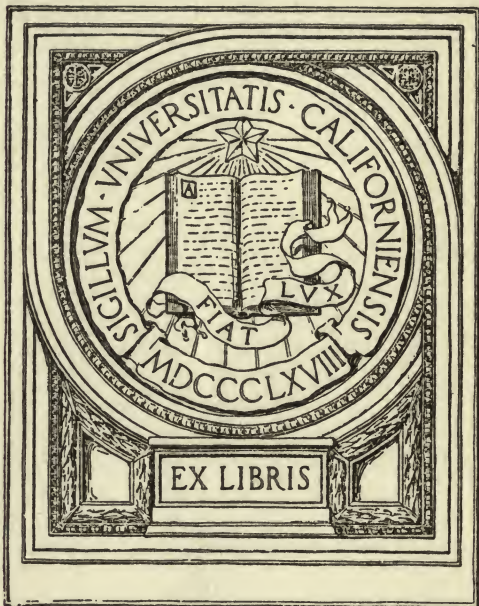


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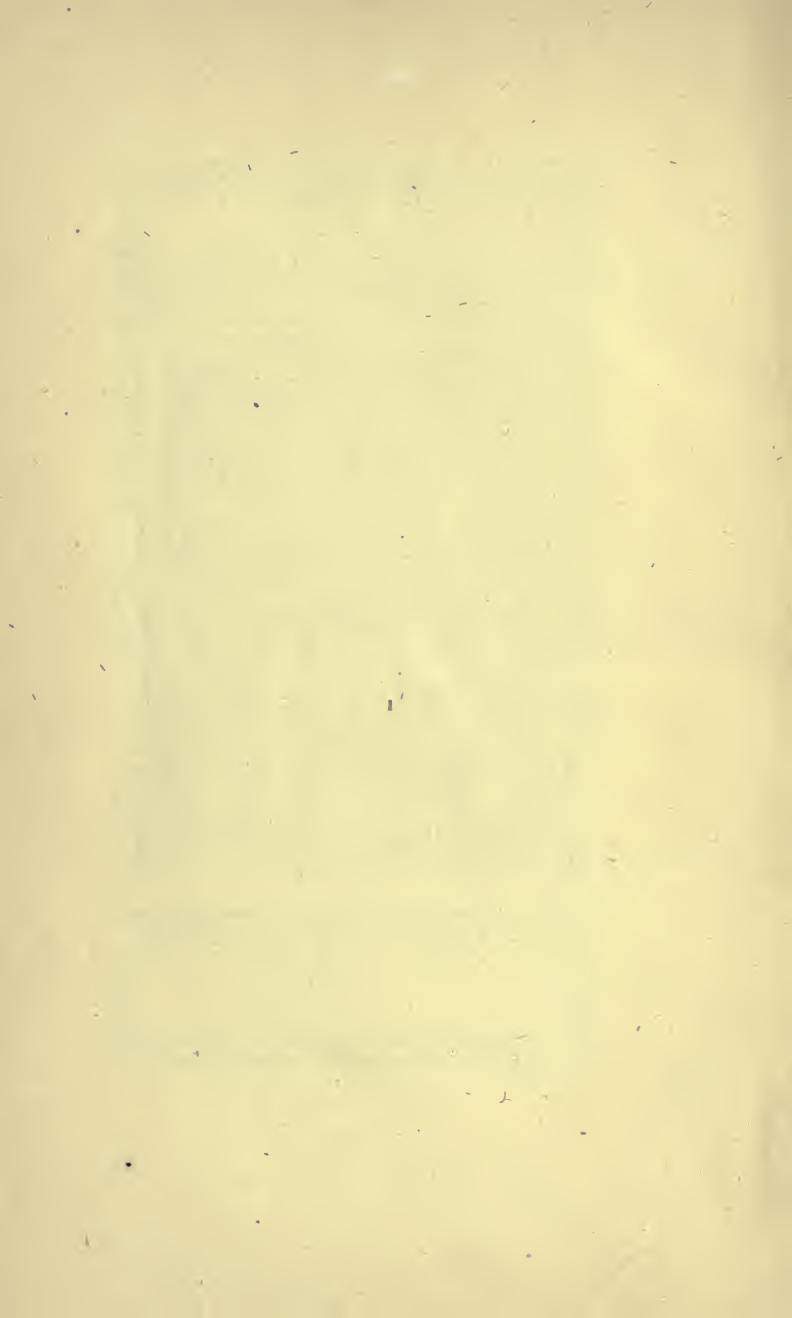
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# A N D R É :

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.



BY

W. W. LORD.

NEW YORK:  
CHARLES SCRIBNER, 377 & 379 BROADWAY,  
1856.

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## P R E F A C E .

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THE Author is aware that with many whose eyes fall upon the title of this book, "the attempt and not the deed confounds" him. But the consciousness that to whatever faculty for such an undertaking he may possess, he has brought a deep interest in the subject, dating back even to his boyhood, gives him confidence to hope that he may find readers; and amongst them, some who will be attracted rather than repelled by an attempt to contribute something to our legitimate American and National literature.

The difficulty of poetic representation, in regard to the most moving and tragical event in our National history, lies mainly in adapting modern and natural language to the necessities of verse, and to preconceived notions of tragic style. It is believed, however, that there is no essential connection between obsolete forms or terminations of words, and impassioned sentiment, and even harmonious expression. Nor do either rhyme or reason forbid that dramatic verse should now approach as near to our spoken language, as it did in the age of Elizabeth to a now obsolete but then familiar diction.

He has, in all material points, preserved a strict fidelity to history, in the province of history, and in that of inven-

tion a strict consistency with it. Some poetic freedom has been used with respect to two of the minor incidents of the history. The attempt of Champe to abduct Arnold from New York has been placed before, instead of after, the death of André: and Arnold has been made to land with the British Commissioners, who came to treat with the Americans in behalf of André. A letter from him was, in fact, read at the meeting, and excited the indignation, which, in the Drama, is attributed to his presence.

It is hardly necessary to observe that the friendship of André and Mrs. Arnold, and its bearing upon the destiny both of Arnold and of André, by making communication with the enemy easy to the former, and causing the latter to be chosen as the agent in the affair, are historic facts.

The few directions introduced into the action for completeness of effect, are to be considered as descriptive. The only stage on which the Author contemplates the representation of his drama is the mind of the reader.

EASTRIDGE, *Sept.* 1856.

## Persons Represented.

---

*Arnold.*—Major-General in the American Army.

*André.*—Major, and Adjutant General in the British Army.

*Franks,* }  
*Varick,* } The Aids of Arnold.

*Gen. Green,*  
*Col. Jameson,* } American Officers.  
*Major Tallmadge,* }

*Gen. Robertson.*—A British Officer.

*Col. Robinson.*—An American Royalist.

*Smith.*—An American Gentleman, and a friend of Arnold.

*Paulding.*

*Williams.*

*Van Wert.*

*Mrs. Arnold.*

*A Chaplain.*

*Women.*

*Soldiers.*

*Countrymen.*



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# A N D R É .



## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*The Landing at West Point.—A boat lying near.—A soldier on guard.—TALLMADGE, FRANKS and VARICK.*

FRANKS.

SUNSET ! it will be dark before we leave :  
The General forgets that you are here.

TALLMADGE.

And here at his request ; and for a purpose  
He has not yet explained : but let us hope  
The evening gun reminds him to descend  
From his bleak perch above there ; where, you say,  
He overlooks the region like an eagle.

FRANKS.

We left him standing on Bald Rock, that looks  
Quite o'er the Dunderberg ; and which, like most  
Who reach its foot, you did not care to climb.

VARICK.

Often, of late, he stands there until dark.

TALLMADGE.

What takes him there ?

VARICK.

Perhaps he plans new works.

FRANKS.

He climbs there like a prisoner to his window ;  
For to a spirit eager and bold as his,  
A garrison is a prison.

VARICK.

Why he asked  
For a command like this, I cannot guess.  
His wounds are a pretence, as those should know  
Who know the man.

TALLMADGE.

But many deeper wounds,  
Not got so nobly, and that take from these

---

The honor and the pain, have struck his heart ;  
The sentence of the Council last and deepest.

FRANKS.

Since Pilate's, 'twas the most unjust, the pride  
And very insolence of armed injustice ;  
The conscience, the shame rather, of the court  
Could not, upon the evidence, sustain  
The charge of peculation, nor their envy  
Acquit the accused with honor.

TALLMADGE.

It is strange  
That charges of this kind should have pursued,  
Through all his life, a man, who, if not great,  
Is what he is, despite them.

FRANKS.

Is it strange  
That fear of his renown, so early gained,  
Should, early, make the jealous, deedless crowd  
Of new-made generals and their friends, who saw  
How far the soldier stood above their reach,  
Impeach the man ?—and they are well aware  
That even false and trivial charges sow  
Doubt and suspicion in the public mind.  
But it *is* strange, if you who are his friend—

TALLMADGE.

If not his friend, I am at least the author  
Of my own doubts ; and what I see of him,  
In his new station, does not make them less.  
But when some damning fact has seemed to fix  
My wavering mind, then all his wrongs and merits,  
His greatness and his daring come before it ;  
And I must still respect him : and though all  
They say or hint of him were true—we know  
That the same man who fleeces his poor soldiers,  
And makes the very beasts that serve us feel  
His usury, is capable of deeds  
As kind as just, and which might almost strike  
Those charges dumb.

FRANKS.

But his accusers—never !  
They know him ; and they know that for their end,  
His ultimate ruin, they can safely trust  
A soldier's temper, and a poor man's pride,  
And wronged one's rashness.

TALLMADGE.

You have felt, I hear,  
His soldier's temper.

FRANKS.

And his soldier's heart  
And generous nature. You, perhaps, have heard  
That on his field of glory, Saratoga,  
For some supposed remissness, in the heat  
Of the excited hour, he struck a man  
Whom admiration, and not fear, restrained  
From taking vengeance : from that hour, he still  
Has kept me with him, honored, and advanced me.

TALLMADGE.

I doubt you not : for stronger oft than fear  
Is the strange spell the brave cast on the brave ;  
And young and inexperienced awe of men  
Renowned in action, is a stronger spell,  
That of each reckless and successful soldier  
Can make a hero.

FRANKS.

Yet I think I see,  
Without enchantment, that whatever seems  
Mysterious in this life, is the result  
Of crimination, not the proof of crime ;  
And even that this strangest thing of all,  
In such a man, his moody avarice,  
But marks the eager effort to attain

That personal independence dear to one  
Whose pride has suffered, and who strives to keep  
His soul erect before his enemies.

*Enter. ARNOLD.*—[*The soldier presents arms.*

ARNOLD.

I recollect you ; at Quebec you marched  
Among the stormers on my left, and once,  
When my foot slipped upon the broken ice,  
You saved me from the fall.

SOLDIER.

Yes, General.

ARNOLD.

I thank you for it now. I know each face  
That I saw with me in the Wilderness ;  
I would that those I serve remembered me  
But half so well.

(*To Tallmadge.*)

We cross the river late.  
And 'tis unfortunate ; because I purposed  
Ere you returned to Northcastle, to meet  
And speak at leisure with you on the subject  
Of a great enterprise, designed to end  
The public troubles : but the open air  
Chills confidence and dissipates attention.  
You understand me.



TALLMADGE (*aside*).

Yes, your last assertion.

ARNOLD.

I'll meet you all to-morrow—you are all  
Each other's friends, and mine.

VARICK (*looking significantly at Tallmadge*).

Each other's—yes.

FRANKS.

You do us justice, General ; we are.

ARNOLD.

When on the heights, did you observe a ship  
Making her way up from below ?

FRANKS.

We did ;

And wondered what could be her purpose here.

VARICK.

It is the same that, so mysteriously,  
Came up the river, and dropped down again—  
The Vulture.

TALLMADGE.

A true Vulture ! but what scent  
Of prey or coming battle, from the heart

Of the war-region, to this distant part  
 Attracts this grim ill-omened bird of war ?

ARNOLD.

Ill-omened, yes—in that you may be right :  
 It has been deemed, I think, a bird of omen.

[ARNOLD *and the officers enter the boat.*

SCENE II.

*The deck of the Vulture, a British Man-of-War, off Teller's Point.—The forts at Verplanck's and Stony Points, and the heights at West Point in sight.*

*Enter* ROBINSON *and* ANDRÉ.

ANDRÉ.

They little dream, who see, from these redoubts,  
 Our slender armament, what danger lurks  
 Behind the slight appearance.

ROBINSON.

Rather say  
 Behind their walls themselves, as far within  
 Redoubt and rampart, as are we beyond  
 Their cannon's range. But do you think that Arnold  
 Intends to come on board ?

ANDRÉ.

Intends ! why doubt it ?

ROBINSON.

I know the man ;—as cautious in intrigue,  
As rash in conflict. I suspect he means  
That you shall go on shore, and take the hazard,  
Which else might fall to him.

ANDRÉ.

I hold the prize  
Well worth the risk. We shall obtain a fort  
Which art and nature join their hands to make  
Impregnable ; the key of all the roads,  
Northward, and crossing from the east and west,  
Which this war travels ; and to gain which *now*,  
When Washington at Kingsbridge, and De Ternay  
At Newport, threaten us by land and sea,  
Is more important, as it would prevent  
The junction of the rebels with the French,  
And end, we hope, the conflict. This, concede,  
Offers a prospect not to be endangered  
By any scruples of the when and where  
Of the transaction :—I will go on shore.

ROBINSON.

With my consent you shall not. In this game  
Sir Henry Clinton would not risk his agent ;

Although the move, I grant, could it be made,  
 Would take him out of check, and out of fear  
 Of being soon checkmated in New York.  
 And *you* I know he would not, if he might  
 In conscience, prompt to such a part. As soldiers,  
 Danger is our employment ; and to hazard  
 Our lives and freedom for the King, a duty ;  
 But not our part, where soldiers should be cowards,  
 To serve his cause—not ours, I mean, to dare  
 The dangers of conspiracy, and risk,  
 It may be, honor.

ANDRÉ.

There is no such danger  
 In this conspiracy, as you misname it.  
*I* do the thing for honor's sake ; and Arnold  
 Is unsuspected, and still has the power  
 Of his high rank and station, to assist  
 The hardihood and subtlety of purpose  
 That you concede to him.

ROBINSON.

And hate in him,  
 As in the devil I do !

ANDRÉ.

Still hate them there—  
 But not in him in whom they will give back

A continent to the King, or I shall doubt  
Your loyalty ; though I so much admired  
Its firmness, and the strength of that devotion  
To duty and allegiance, that could lead you  
To leave your fair domain, and the misguided  
But gallant men who call you countryman.  
For my part, I am tempted to suspect  
That had I first seen light upon this side  
Of the broad stream which king has never passed,  
I, too, might be a traitor : 'tis the clime,  
The unsubdued wild region of their birth,  
That makes them rebels ; not to law disloyal,  
But to the laws that rule an older world.

ROBINSON.

They were free-born, and need not be more free  
Than were their fathers.

A N D R É .

Birthright is not freedom ;  
Free senses make free souls—and dauntless hearts.  
And here no court with enervating splendor  
Shines like a sun upon the dazzled land :  
No castled heights their feudal shadow cast  
On the tired reaper's brows, and fields of grain ;  
No legendary towers, that seem as old  
As their foundation, from these rocks look down



On the free village, and the humble homes  
 And nurseries of men : the people see  
 No pageantry to awe, know no prescription,  
 Meet no suggestions of antiquity  
 To tame their native courage to the hand,  
 Far reached, and but too short, to quell rebellion,  
 Inspired by every sight and sound in nature,—  
 And nature its invincible ally.

ROBINSON.

I sometimes have had thoughts like these—but here,  
 Near my own house, and what should be my home,  
 Now the head-quarters of this scheming Arnold,  
 My sympathies are all with loyal men.

[*They enter the cabin.*

SCENE III.

*The east side of the river.—A room in ROBINSON'S house.*

*Enter MRS. ARNOLD.*

MRS. ARNOLD.

Each day he comes back later, yet too soon.  
 My love is checked, my heart is in its springs,  
 And will not flow : he chills and awes it back  
 With the dark shadow of unspoken thoughts,



Or terrifies me with unwelcome bursts  
Of momentary transport, that seem madness.  
O, 'twas unlooked for ! yet 'tis woman's fate,  
So ignorant of itself till fixed, and then  
So bound to its unhappiness by chains  
'Gainst which the almost bursting heart beats softly,  
Lest it should break them, while itself is breaking !

*Enter* ARNOLD.

ARNOLD.

I was in search of you, and might suppose  
You sought to avoid me.

*[He regards her for a moment in silence.*

Can it be the same ?

How changed ! I know the heat about my heart  
Is withering and not warming ; still you are  
My bosom friend, my wife, and you should know  
Our common fortune, be it good or evil ;  
And I should have at least one friend with whom  
A secret would be safe.

MRS. ARNOLD.

Have you not many ?

ARNOLD.

O, yes, as close, as faithful, and discreet ones  
As ever lied by silence, could I make

My secret *theirs*,—if not, my dearest friend,  
 Who thinks I hold him dearest, would reveal it  
 With sleepless haste, and smile to see the knife  
 Drink my full heart out, drop by drop.

MRS. ARNOLD.

What knife ?

What do you mean ? and these dark hints that fall,  
 Since we came hither, darker and more frequent  
 On my pained ear—what ill do they foreshadow ?

ARNOLD.

Ill to my enemies ! The very shape  
 And substance of the fear which haunts their eyes ;  
 Defeat and shame, felt both in my success  
 And their own ruin ! I shall live to see  
 That haughty Congress, and that politic  
 And truckling Council, who to please a mob  
 Of clamorous and vulture-like civilians,  
 Disgraced a fellow-soldier, and themselves,  
 Sue for an amnesty, beg life and fortune,  
 At a tribunal they abhor like hell !  
 And my bold Countrymen, who, in their wrongs,  
 Find irresistible and lawful power  
 To right them by whatever means, shall find  
 That in the strength which injuries can give,  
 An injured man is stronger than a people.

MRS. ARNOLD.

Did I not know you—had I not before  
Heard words as frantic, I might think—

ARNOLD.

Well, what ?  
Speak freely.

MRS. ARNOLD.

That a foreign influence  
Fed these resentments, and to some dark end  
Directed them. O, bear with me ! Our child  
Makes me more sensitive to all that moves  
And agitates his father. What you are,  
It seems each moment to my anxious heart,  
He is to be—you do not listen—

ARNOLD.

—Yes,  
My son, you fear, is like me—

MRS. ARNOLD.

This once, hear me !  
'Tis the world's thought, that I became your wife  
Because your rank, and splendid way of life,  
And consequence as governor of the city  
Which was my birthplace and my world, allured me.

ARNOLD.

And you'd not have me think so? Well—

MRS. ARNOLD.

O, that  
Was my first grief, to find that you could think  
My love such prostitution, and accept it!  
I saw in you a brave, deserving soldier,  
Wronged by his country, who with greater zeal  
Devoted him, and with stern passion wooed  
Her cold unfavoring eye; and for the hopes  
By its unkindly frost cut off and blighted,  
Still won fresh wreaths from her reluctant hand.  
And now to see you, when, with one more effort,  
To the best champion she could refuse  
Her heart no longer, falter and give ear  
To her insidious enemies and your own,  
Might almost tempt me to forswear the vow  
That did not only bind me to the man,  
But wed me to his honor.

ARNOLD.

Your conjectures—  
Speak out—what are they?

MRS. ARNOLD.

I have felt a doubt  
Whether your frequent intercourse with André,

Begun through me, did not conceal some project  
You would, but that you dared not, let me know.

ARNOLD.

Then learn the secret now ; by chance already  
You know too much to know so little.—I,  
It may be, am the first, who found a wife's  
Protracted friendship for a former lover  
Pleasant or profiting—but so it is :—  
His fortunes are bound up with mine ; through him  
I gain—what else no matter—my revenge :  
Through me he will get thanks, and fame ;—a sen-  
tence  
In the despatches, and a regiment.

MRS. ARNOLD.

What riddle 's this ? I see its darker meaning ;  
But how can you and André act together ?

ARNOLD.

He is to conquer me, and by assault  
Take yonder fortress—aye ! you wonder,—there,  
Above it, float the continental colors ;  
And yet it is the King's—and I from Congress  
Hold my commission, but 'tis for the King.  
You smile—you think me jesting.—



MRS. ARNOLD.

Did I smile ?

'Twas in despair then.

ARNOLD.

In despair of what ?

The plot is sure—fate could not make it stronger.

MRS. ARNOLD.

I meant not in despair of your success,  
But in despair of you, and of myself :—  
Yet you will fail.

ARNOLD.

Had you the smallest knowledge  
Of military matters—

MRS. ARNOLD.

You will fail—

I speak from higher knowledge—call it faith,  
Yes, faith in the just cause you would betray,  
And in the unconquered faith and fortitude  
Of a free people. You may yield this fort,  
Though I forebode disaster to the plot ;—  
But who can to the King deliver up  
That best stronghold of liberty, the heart  
Of a great people, garrisoned against him



By the twin passions, hope and stronger fear,  
And his injustice ? Hear me, and be warned !  
This moment may be free from destiny,—  
The next, and it will seize, stern, unrelenting,  
On all your after life ; and with success,  
As surely as defeat, the blighted name  
Of him who sold his countrymen, will be  
Its bearer's infamy, and to no child  
Even by your children shall be given !

ARNOLD.

Woman !—

But I will not be moved ;—though well I might,  
I'll not be angered. My rash confidence  
Gave you the privilege to misuse it : Madam,  
Your taught and tragic eloquence was inspired  
By the dull parrots of dead books and men,  
That prate in Congress. Men of action know  
A different creed : one written, not in words,  
But deeds ; and by the cannon's mouth confessed  
And ascertained, at last. And, to predict  
Whether my name or that of Washington,  
Is destined to be pilloried in phrases  
Like renegade and traitor, is to know  
Whether his treason to the King succeed,  
Or mine to him, if to betray a traitor,  
And one in arms against his king be treason.

MRS. ARNOLD.

O, flatter not yourself with the injustice  
Of partial times or men : should his star set,  
Yours would not rise above it : even they  
Who should call him a traitor, would think you  
A double traitor ; and the ill-bought praise  
Of a whole age, or world, could it be yours,  
Would be but fuel for the quenchless flame  
Of a just human instinct, in the end  
Sure to break forth and blacken you with shame.

ARNOLD.

Enough ! I'd hear no more ; you have my secret ;  
Think it your life. I cannot think you will,  
And yet I half suspect you would, betray me.

[*Exit.*

MRS. ARNOLD.

I *should* betray you ! O ! let not that woman  
Think to be surely blest who joins her fate  
And makes her life one with another being.  
None can be safe ; let her elect the man  
Whose office is a virtue, or whose bread  
Is piety, and she shall find in him  
Who sits in ermine a most spotted felon,  
An atheist in him who kneels in lawn.  
Or let her choose, my heart ! my heart ! that man

Of men—a soldier, a time-tried and scarred  
And laurelled soldier, she shall find a traitor !  
And all the wretchedness and shame of both  
The child inherits—yes, my child—O, wo !

[*Exit.*

---

SCENE IV.

*An apartment in Robinson's house.*—ARNOLD, TALLMADGE,  
FRANKS and VARICK.

ARNOLD.

And that was why I'd not command the left ?  
The southern army was not offered me !  
Well for the country and the coward, Gates,  
Had I obtained it—but in that they lie ;  
This is the place I asked for.

TALLMADGE.

It is plain

They do not understand your motives, nor,  
Permit me to be frank with you, do we.

ARNOLD.

Once know my wrongs, and you know me ; for I  
Am all made up of them ; they are my senses,  
Through which I feel, and hear, and see all objects.  
They have possession of my brain, and day

And night they work there, think and act for me ;  
And from my heart they run like a disease  
Through all my blood. All that I loved I hate.  
There is a mockery in the mere respect  
Paid to my rank ; the soldier's prompt salute,  
The deference of subalterns, seem now  
A sarcasm or a favor. The wild stir  
Of field and camp, which pleased me once, is dull,  
And tiresome as a town parade ; the shock  
And boom of the near gun, the fife and drum  
And bugle call—are painful to my ears  
As to a branded coward's : and my heart  
Turns even from old friends ; but, in one beat  
Of its most feeble pulse, it has not yet  
Turned from old enemies—not one !

FRANKS.

It might

Dismiss them freely, for their enmity  
Is better friendship, in the end, than ours.

ARNOLD.

What ?—I am dull.

FRANKS.

The sense of gratitude,  
Against injustice slowly rises up,  
And, irrepressibly reacting, bears

---

The injured, in the people's mind, above  
The injurer : if not at once—hereafter.

ARNOLD.

Hereafter—yes, could I be satisfied  
With that hereafter ; which as yet is not,  
And, therefore, nothing ; and in which the present  
Will have become the past, and, therefore, nothing !  
It might be something, could my ashes hear  
My vindication, or could marble feel  
The flattery of sculpture ; or the voice  
And hand of retribution reach my dead  
And buried enemies, lying undisturbed,  
Invincible and silent in their graves.

TALLMADGE.

And yet this *nothing* is the test of fame,  
Namer of men, and ordeal of glory ;  
And even of the glory gained by war.  
And the true great, and true heroic minds  
Most prize posthumous honors ; and have died  
Poor and in misery, that their fame might live  
In human memory, and their very name,  
And dust, be more revered than living men.

ARNOLD.

Let such as find the motive, waste the brain  
And drain the vital blood, to have their relics



Embalmed and honored. 'Tis not my ambition  
To be a worshipped mummy, but a man  
Respected amongst men : and this has been,  
Since the rash spirit of my boyhood left me,  
My day and night endeavor, my sole aim.  
But from that hour when to New Haven came  
The news of Lexington, and men, unmanned  
And nerveless, saw the first red drops of war ;  
And I, while orators stood dumb, turned back  
The trembling crowd that fled before the shadow  
Of the dark war-cloud their own breath had raised,  
And bade them stand, and arm, and, when aroused,  
Offered to lead them forth to instant action,  
Only to hear the authorities who held  
The keys of the arsenal refuse me arms—  
From that first check to this late reprimand  
My whole career has been a studied series  
Of checks and insults.

TALLMADGE.

To resist so long  
An adverse influence, and advance against it,  
Gives proof of strength, which is itself the pledge  
Of ultimate success.



ARNOLD.

  If I resist,  
It is but as a swimmer in a stream,  
Who strikes and gasps for life, and does not think  
How strong he is, but only in what danger.

TALLMADGE.

But it is noble to possess such strength.

ARNOLD.

'Tis well—but its possessor only feels  
The stress, the struggle, and exhausting effort  
That calls it forth ; it is for the beholders  
To see how noble ; but the real actor  
In the great scenes of life at which they wonder,  
Dares and confronts their dangers, not because  
'Tis noble thus to do, but necessary.

TALLMADGE.

Yet there are some at least to whose stern thinking,  
To dare, is needful when the cause is noble.

ARNOLD.

I have not met, thus far, with one of them—  
You'll pardon me—if you be not that one.

TALLMADGE.

You jest—but yes, by Heaven ! I am that one.

ARNOLD.

I have an act in view that has, indeed,  
The strength of both inducements to persuade  
To its performance, had it not too much  
Of the alloy of interest—did it not  
Promise too much and fair, for men who act  
From sublimated motives.

FRANKS.

Let us hear ;  
We can best judge of that.

ARNOLD.

Of that I'll speak  
Hereafter ; it is, first of all, important  
We understand each other in the grounds  
Of the coöperation I propose :  
And here I'm confident we shall not differ.  
You all concede that what with want of men  
Through short enlistments, a twice bankrupt Con-  
gress,  
And late defeats, but for this French alliance  
We all might ground our arms, and fall to prayers  
With our good general, George—to be—the First,  
Who leads us in this war on George the Third.

FRANKS.

'Tis even so.

TALLMADGE.

But I cannot concede this :  
Not to be vanquished, is success—

ARNOLD.

I know—

And know that we have, even, called defeats  
Successes ; and have turned escapes, retreats,  
And countermarches into victories,  
To keep the spirit of the people up.  
But this you must concede ;—the threadbare words  
For which we fight in rags, and scarce make out  
Upon our tattered banners, Liberty  
And Independence, and the hopeful phrases,  
Stale as the war, and ancient as the Rump,  
God for the people's rights, and hope in Heaven,  
Now changed to France, awake, from year to year,  
A fainter answer in our hopes and hearts.

TALLMADGE.

Why, Danbury and Saratoga, fields  
Won by yourself, might keep our courage up.

ARNOLD.

That matters not ; 'tis of the French I'd speak :  
A few years since they were our enemies.

FRANKS.

The General himself acquired the credit  
Through which he has attained his present rank  
Serving against them.

ARNOLD.

Can we be quite sure  
That in this family feud it is discreet  
To drive out friends—

TALLMADGE.

—Friends?

ARNOLD.

Our own race, at least,  
And bring in enemies? You know the fate  
Of the old Britons who against the Scot  
Called in the Saxon. Our attempt to gain  
The independence an usurping Congress,  
Not the still loyal people, have decreed,  
May leave us more dependent—may, in fact,  
Make us a French dependency, than which—  
Will no one speak the rest?

FRANKS.

I'd rather wear  
Hereditary chains.

TALLMADGE.

I'd rather die ;  
And rather live dishonored, and the slave  
Of the remotest and most barbarous race  
Acknowledged to be human, than to see  
This soil, our native and true mother-land,  
Again subjected to unnatural England.  
The ground, which so much filial blood has drunk,  
To tillage would be barren, and yield thorns :  
And our proud ancestress, who would usurp  
A mother's power but cares not for our love,  
Would give us scornful stripes, too well deserved  
By voluntary bondmen.

ARNOLD.

Bravely said !  
But how, my friend, if to avoid the clutches  
Of cruel grandam with her rod, we fly  
To the protection of the wolf ? There's danger,  
Depend upon it, in these crafty French.

TALLMADGE.

Pardon me General, it is difficult  
To think you quite in earnest : hostile France  
Would cripple England by sustaining us,  
Not undertake herself the hopeless task  
Of our subjection ; and we, unendangered,



May use their rivalries to our advantage,—  
 With the great ocean for our strong ally  
 Against the stronger ; and, soon, either power  
 Will think it easier to subdue the other,  
 Than either, us.

[ARNOLD, *who has listened impatiently, abruptly turns, and addresses FRANKS.*

ARNOLD.

You will find Smith below ;  
 He waits to speak with me.

[*Exeunt TALLMADGE, VARICK and FRANKS, expressing in their looks surprise and indignation.*

No help from them.

I threw the bait too boldly ; it is well  
 That it was into swift and muddy waters.  
 Something they may suspect, but not the truth :  
*That* is too strange to dream—above their daring  
 But to conceive of.

(*A pause.*)

It was not their aid—  
 Although I need it ; 'tis this solitude,  
 In which the uncommunicated mind  
 Loses itself, and grasps the nearest hand  
 To find reality. 'Tis old as treason



That the most dangerous secret, longest kept,  
 Like the shy serpent, tired of her own coil  
 And her dark cavern dropping deadly dews,  
 Will creep into the light, and seek to bask  
 In some approving smile ; hence the temptation,  
 The mastering impulse, the fatuity,  
 That makes the mind a traitor to itself.

*Enter SMITH.*

The agent that would see me for the sale  
 Of Robinson's estate, must land to-night.

SMITH.

I cannot find the men for it ; not one  
 Whom I have sounded likes it ; 'tis a secret,  
 And therefore they suspect a dangerous service.

ARNOLD.

Bring them to me, and I will find a way  
 To dissipate their scruples. [*Exit SMITH.*]

[*He unlocks a cabinet and takes out a paper  
 which he glances over while speaking.*]

—*Satisfied ?*

Why, yes, that I shall get no more. *Our straits !  
 The King's munificence*—a petty sum  
 To buy a country and its army :—No !

I'll not be privy to their thoughts : the effect  
Will be the same to them as if it were  
The ransom of an empire, but I'll take  
The fair construction of the case, which makes it  
A compensation for the loss I suffer  
In my return to loyalty ; if they  
Have other thoughts, for my sake, and their own,  
They'll make the devil their only confidant.  
I might deceive my countrymen with show  
Of being taken prisoner ; as, at first,  
I meditated doing. But the secret  
Might not be safe ; if kept, would not be ven-  
geance—

Such vengeance as I long for : they must curse me !  
But few and brief have been their benedictions ;  
Their maledictions shall be long and loud.  
They have not called me yet, with all the terms  
They hate me in, a beaten General ;  
And their commiseration would be bitter.  
They must perceive my hand and curse me ; curses  
Are never pleasant to the ear—but theirs  
Will be far sweeter than would be their pity.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

*The river side at the Long Clove Mountain.—A dark and stormy night.—ARNOLD discovered waiting.*

ARNOLD.

Did I hear oars?—the wind.—They are too late ;  
The night will hardly cover the transaction  
If they consume it thus.

(*A pause.*)

This act will place me  
Entirely in their power ; the deed to do  
Is as if done ; the future as the past.  
I have swum back and forth in the smooth waters,  
And pleased myself with the alluring motion  
Outward, in view of the receding shore ;  
The conscious master of the interval.  
But now the current seizes me, and strong

Above my strength to breast it, bears me on,  
 And to swim forth with it is safety. Few,  
 Blind and irresolute the strokes that brought me  
 Across the narrow line which separates  
 The rush of action from the calm of thought :  
 And lo ! an ocean, an eternity,  
 Lies, in effect, between me and the place  
 Where will and act were one. One chance I had  
 To gain without defection what I seek,—  
 One hope,—the offer made me to command  
 The left wing of the army. In that case  
 My triumph in particular, had been  
 That of my enemies, in general ; now  
 My triumph is their ruin.

*[He starts and hastily retires. A boat lands,  
 and ANDRÉ, wrapped in a cloak, steps on  
 shore. The boat immediately leaves.]*

ANDRÉ.

No one here !

They told me he was waiting. How the wind  
 Roars down this mountain gorge, and on the river  
 Leaps, like a baffled eagle on some swift  
 And powerful serpent, that winds through his  
 talons.

A time so full of nature's discontent,

A night like this, so full of mad disquiet,  
And such a wild and solitary place,  
A painter or tragedian might choose,  
Were a despairing man to meet the devil.  
Ugh ! 'tis an ugly simile ; the more,  
As *I* am here to play the tempter's part.  
But storm, and gloom, and mystery, might make  
The undesigning deem themselves abroad  
On some conspiracy against the sleep  
Of home-roofed innocence ; and childhood's spell,  
With recollected dread of night, and shapes  
Of haggard fear and secret crimes that came  
With the hushed, featureless, and sable hag,  
Joins deeds of darkness, still, with thoughts of guilt.

ARNOLD *re-enters.*

ARNOLD.

Anderson !

ANDRÉ.

Gustavus !

ARNOLD.

I heard you speaking.

Are you alone ?

ANDRÉ.

I spoke to exorcise

The spirit of solitude.



ARNOLD.

A step this way,  
And we shall be more sheltered.

ANDRÉ.

If these rocks,  
That from the mass of darkness their huge crags  
Thrust forth upon the stumbling sight, have ears,  
As for conspirators 'tis said they have,  
They'll hardly catch our secret while the wind  
Deafens their hollow clefts with his loud story.  
How strange and wild ! It seems as if there should  
Be always night here, and unceasing noise,  
So well they suit the fixed and pictured storm  
Beheld in the confused and broken lines  
Of ledge and precipice, which, themselves at rest,  
Disturb and threaten the unresting eye.

ARNOLD.

Hem !—it were well for us if night and storm  
Might be prolonged an hour or so, at least ;  
But day is near.

*(Aside.)*

A strange conspirator !

*[Exeunt.]*



## S C E N E I I .

*An apartment in Robinson's house.*

*Enter MRS. ARNOLD, with a lamp.*

Why did I bring this light ? It is clear day.  
Night would not let me sleep, nor will the dawn  
Awake me from this dream of settled horror !  
O ! to be made the sole repository  
Of such a secret, which I cannot break,  
Nor yet can keep. I'll not be seen. I seem  
To every eye that marks me, to reveal it.  
He told me all, as if it eased his heart  
To tell it, even to ears ungratified.  
God of heaven ! This night he was to meet  
A British emissary—now perhaps,  
Plays with the fatal sword whose point, reversed,  
Will drink his blood ! Did aught retard or threaten,  
I know the house that was to hide them. Thither  
I might this moment fly.—But wherefore should I ?  
'Tis André that he meets, and I might still  
Possess some power with *him* ! But to what end ?

He acts for others. Yet I cannot stay  
 And know that they together work the ruin  
 Of me, and of my child. 'Twill anger Arnold,  
 And show to André my unhappiness.  
 But fear like mine is bolder than displeasure ;  
 And grief is more imperious than shame.  
 I see him, in the distance, blindly stumbling  
 Along the desperate edge of the abyss :—  
 Now, madly down the dizzy precipice  
 I see him plunge, and 'tis involuntary  
 To stretch the hand, although it cannot save him.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

*Smith's house.—A gloomy and ill-lighted apartment.—  
 ARNOLD and ANDRÉ discovered sitting at a table strewed  
 with papers.*

ANDRÉ.

I cannot but be vexed that day surprised us ;  
 And though I felt secure, I could not feel  
 At ease within your outposts.

ARNOLD.

'Twill, at least,  
 Give us more leisure to mature our plan.

[*He places his finger on a map.*

You will land here ; and, following this ridge,  
You gain our rear ; and here you climb the moun-  
tain,  
From whose unguarded summit, like a hawk  
On his unruffled quarry, you look down  
Upon the luckless Arnold.

ANDRÉ.

Yes, I see.

Your force withdrawn, and in the mountain gorges  
Expecting us, on this point I march down,  
Storm it with fife and drum, and with the tune  
“ God save the King ” dumb-strike and take the  
fortress.

ARNOLD.

Had I the heart to mar an enterprise  
Of such devoted daring, your bravado  
Might almost tempt me to confront you there,  
And change that loyal litany to prayer  
For your own safety.

ANDRÉ.

Ay, I understand,

'Tis hard for an old soldier to succumb  
Without one blow delivered for his fame,  
As for the challenged flint to hold its fire  
When struck with iron ; and 'tis natural—

A colonist, and born American—  
 That you should be in feelings but half loyal.  
 Sir Henry thinks it certain that your wrongs,  
 Rather than change of sentiment, have led you  
 Back to the path of duty ; but I think  
 Your honors and preferments far outweigh  
 Your causes of complaint.

ARNOLD.

It cannot be  
 That you have heard them.

ANDRÉ.

Some of them I have,  
 And those not slight ; but you have seemed to rise  
 Higher from every fall—

ARNOLD.

To make my next  
 The speedier, deeper, and more infamous.  
 I call to mind, when in the wilderness  
 Through which we forced our way to Canada,  
 The thoughts of Allen's insolence—my shame,  
 And the indifference with which Massachusetts  
 Saw insult heaped on me, and her commission,  
 Still rankling with me ;—as my little band  
 Struggled their inch-won way, while torrents roared,  
 And winter howled against us, and where each

Was for himself too great a burden, dragged  
The means of life and warfare against streams  
Whose fury made them seem themselves our foes ;  
Then—when I felt and knew myself their soul,  
Their energy, their life, so that it seemed  
Should I but shut my eyes to sleep, they all  
Would fall like dead men there around me—this—  
Fool ! by the past unteachable—this I said,  
Envy itself will honor, this accredit  
As zealous service ; and although in vain  
We braved those horrors ; vainly though we burst  
Their wintry barrier, and unlooked for, fell  
Upon our enemies, like men out of heaven ;  
My heart still said, This will win favor ! Did it ?  
Or did I dare and suffer such things ? No !  
I dreamed, and woke to find myself disgraced,  
Degraded, and four junior officers  
Appointed over me. And when for new  
And signal service I received my rank,  
They held me still degraded, not restoring  
My lost seniority, till on Behmus' heights,  
Fighting without command, and seeking death,  
I won at length that barren laurel too,  
From the disdainful hand of my just country ;  
To see it trampled on, with all my honors,  
And all my services, trampled in the dust,  
By this late sentence of the army council.



ANDRÉ.

But so adroitly your high-minded chief  
Administered their sentence, that it seemed  
More like a compliment than reprimand.  
Why, he said nothing—merely praised the service.

ARNOLD.

Yes, yes, 'twas the *chaste service*! My dispraise  
Was praise of the profession. Let that pass :  
How view the royalists the accusation?

ANDRÉ.

Why, royally ; and will not think the hand  
Which holds the best and brightest sword amongst  
you,  
Soiled with dishonest gold.

ARNOLD.

My real crime  
Was lack of it—was poverty. My hand  
Held naught but iron, to the state not useless,  
But to me worthless. My opponents' hands  
Were stronger armed—with gold. I was a limb,  
They were the heart and vitals of the war,  
And could not be denied so slight a thing  
As my humiliation.



A N D R É .

What to me  
Seems wonderful, is their determined effort—

A R N O L D .

But they are dogs, who love to lap the blood  
Of wounded honor.

A N D R É .

Their attempt was strange,  
Not their success in it. Gold has the power  
In popular counsels fame and honor have  
In camps and courts : it is in monarchies  
An aid to tyranny ; in commonwealths  
'Tis the sole tyrant.

A R N O L D .

It is, everywhere  
Alike, omnipotent and all-desired,  
All-dreaded, honored. Greatness ! What is great-  
ness ?  
One shall be subtle, noble, strong, and valiant,  
His name shall never die upon the air  
For frequent repetition, and the man  
Not be more powerful with his neighbor, nay,  
May be the sordid jest of his own servants ;  
Uncivil cold shall pinch, and hunger starve

This great man in his empty house ;—the slaves  
Of his necessities, earth's creeping things,  
Insult and terrify, till their base nature  
Infects his own. But gold is present honor,  
Strength and advantage :—'tis as if *that* God,  
The dream of all the world, for whom they rear  
And cast down altars ; whom they seek and find  
But to declare unfound, and seek him still  
In earth and heaven and hell,—had hid himself,  
With all his power and most essential splendor,  
In this bright ore ; that hence compels from all  
Involuntary adoration.

MRS. ARNOLD *enters unperceived.*

ANDRÉ.

Mighty,  
And even magical its power—divine  
You say :—Indeed it is a potent idol,  
Of wider worship than true Deity ;  
An irreligious god, the superstition  
Of atheists and scoffers. Yet could I  
Affirm of honor things more wonderful ;  
The reverence that even in shameful death  
Attends it, when like an apparent angel  
It strengthens him to brave and graceful patience,  
Who meets a patriot's or a martyr's fate ;  
And, more than one pale scene's unbought applause,

The unwasted wealth of love it treasures up  
For unborn time, and glory born anew  
With every human birth, surviving change  
In man or nature ; to humanity,  
Forever forth, a feeling, and a thought,  
Still, on the soul, returning like the sun,  
Still re-awakening on the ear, like song,—  
A ray of brightness in the light of day,  
A breathing of the universal air.

MRS. ARNOLD.

Is *this* the honor that you speak of, this  
That you now act ?

[ANDRÉ bows to MRS. ARNOLD in an embarrassed manner, and then turns to ARNOLD as if for explanation.]

*Enter* SMITH.

ARNOLD (*to Smith*).

Is this your caution, Sir ?

SMITH.

I think you will perceive that Mistress Arnold  
Was not to be subjected to restraint  
By me, and in this house.

ARNOLD.

This way a moment :  
They are old friends, indeed a kind of cousins.

Hark ! I must see what means this noise of firing  
That comes up from the river.—Will you go ?

[*Exeunt* ARNOLD and SMITH.

SCENE IV.

ANDRÉ *approaches* MRS. ARNOLD *respectfully*.—*She draws back sorrowfully and somewhat sternly.*

ANDRÉ.

Dear Madam, by whatever chance it happens  
That you are here, your coming is to me  
Most fortunate.

MRS. ARNOLD.

And yours to me as sad,  
Fateful, and inauspicious, as the visit  
Of the executioner to one more happy  
Than I am at this moment.

ANDRÉ.

Pardon me,  
I am at loss—

MRS. ARNOLD.

I know it all. Oh, André !  
To you of all men living, as a sister  
Turns to a brother, with undoubting heart,

I would have turned in trouble ; from you now  
I'd turn to my worst enemy, if worse  
I have. God knows I little thought in you  
To find my husband's tempter—my destroyer.

ANDRÉ.

Destroyer ? Madam, this is a strange charge—  
If I have understood it : if you mean  
That as an instrument I have been used  
To advance your husband's fortune, give him wealth,  
And more than recompense whatever loss—

MRS. ARNOLD.

Spread not the lying lure before my eyes.  
What compensation ? Well you know, your gain  
Will be his infamy : there is no just,  
No equal bargain made. You buy his fame,  
His conscience, honor, character, his soul,  
And give him trash ! It is a murderer's banquet  
At which you sit with him, already drunk  
With maddening passion ; and before his eyes,  
As blind as is your conscience, drug the bowl,  
And give him poison.

ANDRÉ.

Would that all my life  
Might be by Heaven held innocent, or evil,



As I am clear of any evil thought  
Or practice in this thing ! If what he does,  
He does from a pure motive, it is noble,  
If not, it rests with him.

MRS. ARNOLD.

He does not care,  
And you will not : but I am ominous  
Of some approaching evil, which you see not,  
Some great disaster ; not to him alone—  
Which his success would be—but to yourself  
And the whole enterprise. Mysterious grief,  
Felt for the living as if long since dead,  
Weighs on my heart ; and I conceive misfortunes  
Less as forebodings, than as memories.  
Say I am sick or crazed—and I am both,  
'Tis the despair that fills me, the deep night,  
Which shows my spirit stars of destiny  
Hid from your eyes, and which I cannot read.

ANDRÉ.

I do not mock at such presentiments ;  
Soldiers too often see them verified.

MRS. ARNOLD.

But you would laugh at dreams ? O ! we are wise,  
Or wise can seem, till unconceived events  
Make wisdom needed ; then it fails us ; awe



And mystery come dream-like on the soul,  
We know not whence, and, in despite of reason,  
Make us familiar with our earlier thoughts.  
The world we left with childhood, and with all  
Our trembling wonder, and too credulous fear,  
For ever cast behind us as illusion,  
Rises around, and mingles with the present.

ANDRÉ.

Sleep is death's image ; but life's shadow—dreams ;  
And being shadow, are, like shadows, true  
To their substantial causes, or distorted,  
Clear, or obscure, as falls the Reason's light  
Upon the dark realities that cast them.

MRS. ARNOLD.

The ship that brought you here is called the  
Vulture ?

ANDRÉ.

It is.

MRS. ARNOLD.

I stood upon the shore and saw it,  
At once as ship and bird ; and it flew on  
Among wild rocks and hissing whirlpools, guided  
By you and Arnold, till exultingly  
You saw the open haven ; when an eagle

Rushed, cloud-like, from her watchful cliff, and  
hurled

A storm from her broad wings against the ship ;  
And to the rocks, crouched like huge beasts of prey  
Beneath the treacherous tide, cast it, to tear  
And shatter into fragments. Him I saw  
Swept outward, clinging to the wreck ;—for whom  
That mighty phantom wheeling, with wild screams,  
Gazed o'er the sea with eye of fire ; but you  
The waves washed up, a pale corpse at my feet.

A N D R É .

A strange wild dream ; and yet most natural,  
And truthful to its cause : its threatening forms  
Incongruous, wild, improbable, and yet  
The distinct shapings of your fear preserved.  
You dread your husband's ruin and dishonor,  
But as in my case these seem not to threaten,  
Your dark forebodings take the shape of death.

*Enter* A R N O L D .

A R N O L D .

Madam, I am not certain, but suspect  
That to your interest in me we owe  
This unexpected visit. Hitherto  
You shared my confidence, if not my counsel.

But whether Major André would admit  
A third into his counsel, may be doubtful.

[*Exit* MRS. ARNOLD.]

The devil is surely privy to our plot ;  
Beyond all forecast, our fierce patriots here,  
Have brought a gun to bear, and forced the ship  
From her position.

ANDRÉ.

Ha ! the ship—the Vulture ?  
Speak out,—she has gone down the river.

ARNOLD.

No !

But might as well have gone ; our boatmen swear  
That they'll not board her where she lies, and  
threats  
And promises are vain. The stubborn brutes  
Refuse to touch an oar.

ANDRÉ.

What's to be done ?

ARNOLD.

Nothing with them. You must return by land,  
And take my passport.

ANDRÉ.

Land ! But such a course  
Was not contemplated. I can, of right,  
Demand to be returned on board the Vulture.

ARNOLD.

With all the right on earth you can demand it ;  
But I shall do no wrong not to perform  
A thing I cannot. You must go by land.

[*Exit.*]

ANDRÉ.

My mind misgives me. Many unforeseen  
And cross events have set against me ; first,  
My visit to the shore, then my detention,  
Now my return by land, and who can say  
What things as unexpected yet may happen.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.

*Crompond, a small military post.—An inn in the distance.  
A horse standing, saddled, before it.*

*Enter SMITH and ANDRÉ, the latter wearing a military cloak over a citizen's dress.—Time, early morning.*

SMITH.

Farewell ; be satisfied that you will meet  
No obstacles. Here, at the post, they say,  
The British scouts have been above the lines ;  
You may fall in with them.

ANDRÉ.

Good day, and thanks  
For my safe guidance.

[*Exit SMITH.*

What a glorious sight !  
Now on the dreamy world of sleep and shadow,



Comes, god-like, the great summoner of life ;  
And scatters beamy fire upon the clouds,  
Which rise like incense at its touch, and dim  
His day-creating orb with his own splendor :  
For ever thus, wafting the dawn before him,  
And weaving light and darkness, thus for ever  
Shimmering along the hills, as he surmounts  
Their wood-spired, wavy tops, he climbs the earth ;  
And never finds its summit :—ever rising  
Through an eternal morning. Type of glory !  
Bright and untired aspirant, hail ! at once  
Thou risest on my eyes and in my soul !  
I, too, am of the morning, full of joy ;  
My care-worn spirits now are active, subtle,  
Dewy with feeling, bright with kindling thought,  
Fresh, lightsome,—I am part of what I see.  
How many days now have I mined and toiled  
In the dark world of human thought and passion,  
And the great world of Nature, hills, and sky,  
And yonder sun, have for that space looked down  
Upon a dead man, a mere idiot,  
Without sight, feeling, sympathy or wonder,  
Blind, tasteless, and insensible to beauty.—  
Hush André ! If in this plain garb, and here,  
Among the hills, alone with thy coy muse,  
In the young making of the day, the devil

Should tempt thee to turn poet,—friend, beware !  
Thou art a soldier and diplomatist.

*[He retires in the direction of the inn.]*

---

SCENE II.

*A woody place by the roadside near Tarrytown.*

*Enter PAULDING, WILLIAMS and VAN WERT.*

VAN WERT.

Well, neighbors, we had best go home and sleep :  
The birds we look for do not fly by daylight.

PAULDING.

There !—hark !—hide in the bushes, and lie close.

*[They hide. PAULDING chooses a place which gives him a view of the road.]*

WILLIAMS.

What is it ?

PAULDING.

'Tis a horseman ; but he rides  
Too carelessly along for one to think  
His business any thing but safe and lawful.  
We'll show ourselves, and question him.

*[Exeunt, walking rapidly up the road.]*

(PAULDING *speaks without.*)

This way ;

Look to the horse, there, Williams. Now, this  
way, Sir,  
A little from the roadside.

*Re-enter* PAULDING *and* VAN WERT, *conducting*  
ANDRÉ.

ANDRÉ.

Now, good Sirs,  
Please tell me—where do you belong ?

PAULDING.

Below.

ANDRÉ.

All's well. I am a British officer.

*[They seize him.]*

ANDRÉ.

Good God ! I must do any thing to get on—  
Do not delay me. I am glad to find  
That you belong to us ; ah—I forgot—

*[He presents his passport.]*

VAN WERT.

Paulding, you are a scholar.

PAULDING (*taking the passport, reads :*)

“*Permit Mr. John Anderson to pass the guards to the White Plains, or below, if he chooses, he being on public business by my direction.*”

BENEDICT ARNOLD.”

—Ah ! I see,  
'Twas a mistake—you thought us Tories.

ANDRÉ.

Yes.

Do not delay me in the public business.

PAULDING.

What will you give to be released at once ?

ANDRÉ.

My purse and this.

[*He offers his watch and purse.*]

PAULDING.

A handsome toy, no doubt  
Good twenty guineas—but the purse is light.  
It is the same, perhaps, you brought along  
On purpose for us ; it is not enough.

ANDRÉ.

Then say what you demand, and name the place  
Where you would have it brought, and by my honor  
As—as—a man, you shall receive it there.

PAULDING.

You are what first you said. You heard him,  
Williams ?

WILLIAMS.

We're poor, what say you ? He might keep his  
word.

PAULDING.

Yet not so poor but that we love our country.

*(To André.)*

We are poor men, all three, whom this long war  
Makes poorer, and still poorer ; you can see—  
These are not rich men's clothes ; but Sir, your king  
Has not red gold enough to buy us better.

*[Exeunt, with ANDRÉ.]*



## SCENE III.

*Northcastle, a military post.—A room in the Commander's head-quarters.*

*Enter at opposite sides JAMESON and TALLMADGE.*

JAMESON.

Ha ! Major Tallmadge ! You are well returned, I have on hand a most vexatious business.

TALLMADGE.

Thanks, Colonel, for your confidence. What is it ?

JAMESON.

A mystery ; our scouts have just brought in A man who seems to be a British spy.

TALLMADGE.

Ah ! what's the proof ?

JAMESON.

He called himself at first A British officer ; supposing them A party from below, and then retracted ;

But what is most mysterious, we found  
Papers in Arnold's hand upon his person ;  
And still more curious, they were views and plans  
Of West Point Station, with exact details  
Of all our means and forces.

TALLMADGE.

Strange enough !

Where is he ?

JAMESON.

I have sent him on to Arnold.

TALLMADGE.

To Arnold ! What could prompt you to this step ?

JAMESON.

I thought it a contrivance of the British  
To blast his fame, and shake the confidence  
Reposed in our best soldier.

TALLMADGE.

Confidence ?

Judas Iscariot ! Yes, I see it all.

Is it too late to bring the prisoner back ?

JAMESON.

He has this moment gone—if yet set out,  
And it might still be done, in case you know

Aught of the mystery—if you can give  
Good reasons—

TALLMADGE.

I know nothing, but suspect—  
I cannot tell you what. I have not time  
To shape my thoughts, and give you all my reasons.  
You know me, Jameson ; will you, on my word  
That I *have* reasons for it, call him back ?

JAMESON.

Yes, go yourself.

[*Exit* TALLMADGE.]

What can he mean ? The papers  
I have despatched to Washington himself,  
And what harm could it do, in any case,  
To send the prisoner where, in fact, my duty  
Requires me to report him ? Now perhaps  
Arnold will take offence ; 'tis most vexatious !  
There's some accursèd mystery at the bottom.

*Re-enter* TALLMADGE, *with* ANDRÉ *guarded.*

ANDRÉ.

Now pray Sir, why am I recalled ?

JAMESON.

I think

This officer has reasons for it.

ANDRÉ.

You, Sir ?

What might they be ?

TALLMADGE.

Your name is Anderson ;

Are you a soldier, or a citizen ?

ANDRÉ.

I answer to no questions. I demand  
That either you permit me to proceed,  
According to the tenor of my passport,  
Or take me to head-quarters.

[ *While speaking he walks up and down impatiently.*

TALLMADGE (*apart to Jameson*).

Mark him,—look !—

His step, his bearing—he was bred to arms.

JAMESON.

Pardon me, Sir, the apparent fickleness,  
But I have changed my mind. You will remain  
Till I report you, and receive instructions.

ANDRÉ.

In common justice, then, you'll give me leave  
To write to General Arnold to clear up  
The mystery, and free me from confinement.

JAMESON.

Yes, you may do this.

TALLMADGE.

But he should not do it.

JAMESON.

The devil is in you, Tallmadge :—'tis but fair  
That he should have the privilege he asks,  
And clear himself if possible,—and soon ;  
For such would be the wish of any man.

[*Exeunt JAMESON and TALLMADGE, and ANDRÉ  
and his guard, severally.*

---

SCENE IV.

*A room in ROBINSON'S house.—MRS. ARNOLD discovered  
sitting with her face concealed, and marks of disorder  
in her appearance.*

*Enter ARNOLD.*

ARNOLD.

Might I disturb your dream, in which, no doubt,  
My image plays its usual pleasing part,  
I would impart some tidings.

MRS. ARNOLD (*rising*).

News of André ?



ARNOLD.

No. Washington will pass this place to-day,  
And visit us ; each moment I expect him—  
Heard you ?

MRS. ARNOLD.

How can we look him in the face ?

ARNOLD.

Why, for yourself, 'twere well you did not look  
With that strange countenance you turn on me,  
Or he'll not know you. I shall look at him  
As one who may, hereafter, look and say,  
You, Sir, of all engaged in this rebellion,  
I found, when of your faction, the most just,  
The only just, sincere, and generous man ;  
And to relieve you of the penalties  
Laid on your head as leader in the war,  
My claims on royalty are freely yours.

MRS. ARNOLD.

What fatal veil wove by your evil spirit,  
What garland blinding the vowed victim's eyes,  
What scaffold bandage rather, from your sight  
Hides the true nature of the thing you do ?  
'Tis not return to allegiance, but the mode

Of your return, the bargain, and the sale,  
The cheapened perfidy, the double acting—  
All that a man of honor breaking off  
As you do, from his party, would avoid—  
These are the things that make it infamous.  
I tell you, should it prove, in the event,  
As you predict ; the humbled Washington  
Would rather touch the hangman's hand than  
yours,  
And sooner lay his head upon the block  
Than it should nod to you, or bend for favor.

ARNOLD.

You *were* my wife ; and I would not forget it ;  
A woman, which I will not—but, by God !  
If my accusing angel should speak thus,  
I would—would—

MRS. ARNOLD.

—A blasphemer, too !

ARNOLD.

A fiend,  
A devil from hell !—if you will have it so.  
How pious always is an angry woman !  
If you believe in God and devils, tell me,  
Do you remember whom you swore to honor ?  
Whose fortunes to make yours ?

MRS. ARNOLD.

What noise is that ?

Would I were dead !

ARNOLD.

A thing none ever wished,  
And lived. What's this—what ails her now ?  
Wife ! Wife !

Her eyes are fixed and wide—if 'twere a swoon  
She would sink down. Our guests are at the door.  
Here, lean upon me ;—do you hear me ? Wife !  
The General and his suite are here ; be calm.

MRS. ARNOLD.

Yes, they are here. The honest and brave men  
Will enter their betrayer's house, and meet  
A friendly welcoming—with swelling hearts  
Will greet their ancient comrade, and with smiles  
Grasp the bribed hand that holds their price, in  
theirs.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

*An apartment in Robinson's house, a repast set out.—Enter  
MRS. ARNOLD, several OFFICERS of rank, and ARNOLD.*

ARNOLD.

The absence of the General in Chief  
Deprives us of much honor ; but 'tis like him,  
Ever regardful of the public service,  
Even to neglect of his necessities.  
I think you said he had gone down the river  
To examine the redoubts.

AN OFFICER.

He has ; but begged  
That no delay or trouble might result  
From his remissness.

ARNOLD.

Gentlemen sit down ;  
You find, I fear, an ill-prepared repast.

*[As they sit down, enter FRANKS. He presents a  
letter to ARNOLD.]*

FRANKS.

I take the freedom to present this, brought  
By a special messenger, and marked, I see,  
“*Important, and with haste.*”

ARNOLD (*carelessly*).

From Northcastle.

[*While he reads, MRS. ARNOLD watches his countenance.*]

MRS. ARNOLD.

What is it? what has happened?

ARNOLD (*aside to Mrs. Arnold*).

Nothing—silence!

(*To Franks*).

Where is the messenger? No matter;—pray  
Be seated, gentlemen—let what I do  
Make no confusion—business of importance  
Requires my absence.

[*He leads MRS. ARNOLD apart.*]

Leave that staring look;  
Be calm. It is, as you suspect, from André,  
And half an hour of time is worth my life.



Eyes are upon us ; do not let them see  
 Aught strange in your behavior. For our child's,  
 If not my sake—forgive—forgive ! Farewell !  
 It may be we shall never meet again.

[*Exit.*

MRS. ARNOLD.

Stay ! I will go—will follow you. Where is he ?

[*She turns to the company.*

O Pity ! he, and Heaven abandon me.

AN OFFICER.

Quick ! quick ! Look to the lady there, she swoons. •

[FRANKS *supports and leads her off.*

Why this is strange ! or, are we dreaming ?—here,  
 This moment, stood our host and hostess, well,  
 And in the act of hospitality ;—  
 And now,—they both are gone ! 'Tis like a story  
 Of sprited travellers. We shall next see harpies  
 Light on the table, and snatch off the food.

2D OFFICER.

I do not know—that which is past, at least,  
 Was not a fiction. From the first, she looked  
 Disturbed and strange—and did you see how pale ?

3D OFFICER.

The table still is here ; but though I feel  
A fasting hunger, I've no mind to eat.

1st OFFICER.

Nor I—let us go meet the General.

[*Exeunt.*

---

SCENE VI.

*The same.*

*Enter FRANKS and VARICK.*

FRANKS.

What mystery hangs over us, and casts  
Its shadow on all faces here ? Our guests  
Are gone, as strangely as our chief. Their looks,  
Like his, were dumb, and distant as their voices,  
Which scarcely said farewell to us. What is it ?  
Bad tidings from the army ?—or some new  
Affront to Arnold ?

VARICK.

After his return,  
Too long for parting, Washington remained  
Alone with Mistress Arnold. As he left  
He met me at the door, and eyed me sternly,

Then left in silence, with a sad, grave face,  
Such as one asks no questions of.

*Enter* MRS. ARNOLD.

MRS. ARNOLD.

—You here ?

I thought, save me, no one attached to him  
Would stay a moment in this place. O, tell me,  
Do they yet know,—the world, does it yet know it ?

FRANKS.

Madam, as yet we do not know what means  
This strange excitement. Where is General Ar-  
nold ?

MRS. ARNOLD.

Do you not know, then ? I must not betray him ;  
For it were treachery to breathe the thing  
To a new listener's ear, though as a secret.  
The ignorance of those who not as yet  
Have heard it, is a moment's respite for him.  
But 'tis upon the common air already,  
And the wind waits to whisper it in your ears.  
You were his friends, and you will call him Traitor,  
But I will not, though we are the betrayed ones, -  
I and my child. O how could I so long  
Have left it ! Something mad within my breast.

Prompts me to wander forth with it, and find  
Some secret cavern, and there live unseen  
By all the world. It looks like *him*—we called it  
The little General, for it had his smile,  
And in its peevish moments frowned like him—  
And therefore men will hate it. O, 'tis heir  
To an untold inheritance : the orphan  
Of a surviving father, and my child !

[*Exit* MRS. ARNOLD.]

*Enter an* OFFICER.

OFFICER.

I may congratulate you. We half feared  
That you were implicated in the plot.  
But Washington has given me leave to say,  
Arnold himself exculpates you expressly,  
In his communication from the ship  
In which he hides his treason.

FRANKS.

Arnold ! Treason !

OFFICER.

What, is it news to you ? He has deserted,  
And is this moment with the enemy.

FRANKS.

I hardly seem to hear it ! Did you say,  
Arnold had carried all his wounds and glory  
Over to the enemy, and given them back  
To them he won them of ?

OFFICER.

Not given—*sold* them ;  
A messenger from Jameson brought the proof.  
'Tis not without example that great soldiers  
Should fail to be great men. The broad-winged  
vulture  
Has many outward aspects of the eagle,  
But he will stoop to carrion.

[*Exit.*

FRANKS.

He scoffs,  
But I could weep ; I feel *myself* disgraced.  
Oh, Varick ! When a great man dies, the world  
Pretends to mourn ; and he is more than dead.  
That which was great in him, his manhood, strength,  
And his indomitable soul, and all  
That was the man, are dead ; and but a man,  
One of the herd, now trampled by the herd  
Into the common mire of men, survives him.  
They will not rest—he was above their heads  
And is beneath their feet—they will not breathe,



Nor laugh for joy, till they have called him Villain !  
A hundred times have called him Villain ! Traitor !  
Now will the meanness, jealousy, and malice  
That dogged his whole career be justified ;  
Now secret envy from its slimy coil  
Lift its low head and hiss ; now littleness  
Be great in its own eyes ; and now, each ass  
Will bray to deafen Heaven. Deserter ! Traitor !  
I shall go mad to hear it—and from them !  
Come, curse them with me, Varick ;—drones and  
fops,  
Mere men of family and feathers—men,  
Whose whole of life, with all the good and evil  
From infancy to manhood done by them,  
Would not make up a single act of his,  
Will hate and scorn him for the only thing  
In which they could be like him if they would.



A growing favorite, and has been advanced  
In rank and trust beyond all precedent.

FRANKS.

How does he bear the new and startling shape  
His future has put on ? Is that his voice ?  
He sings a cheerful air.

TALLMADGE.

When he had heard  
Of Arnold's safety, such an instant change  
Came on his aspect, that 'twas then we seemed  
To see him first ; and smiling, half in scorn,  
And with a kind of haughty eagerness  
He told his name and rank ; and still he seems,  
Without the least surmise of the black name,  
And blacker fate, we write against his name,  
To hold himself a prisoner of war.

FRANKS.

But he should know the worst.

TALLMADGE.

And shall be told it ;  
Deception here is cruelty—not mercy.

*[Enter ANDRÉ at an inner door ; his dress  
that of a British officer.]*

A N D R É .

A captive's welcome to you, gentlemen.  
Trust me, I shall think better of your party  
For having been its prisoner. It might seem,  
But for these guarded doors, that I was here  
The willing guest of countrymen and friends.

T A L L M A D G E .

You meet misfortune with a cheerfulness  
That would disarm severity in tyrants.

A N D R É .

Why I have been in reasonable temper,  
Not sad, if not quite gay, since I threw off  
That irksome and detestable disguise,  
That like a wet and aguish cloud hung round me,  
Dripping black melancholy.

F R A N K S .

But does not  
The failure of your enterprise depress you ?

A N D R É .

No ; why should I of my misfortune make  
My punishment ? We played for a high stake,  
And lost it,—that is all.

TALLMADGE.

But I fear not ;  
I fear that is not all.

ANDRÉ.

I cannot say  
What view your countrymen may take of it—

TALLMADGE.

Yours have decided for them. Hear the story :  
We had a man amongst us, young like you,  
Like you endowed with every gift that Nature  
And Fortune, in matched rivalry, bestow.  
He, like yourself, upon his party's service,  
Was found disguised among the enemy.  
I do you no dishonor when I say,  
His motives were as pure, his aim as high,  
And his soul noble as your own. That man  
Was put in fetters, and his youth made old  
With cruelty ; and when in his dark hour  
He would have set one last fond word on record  
For his dear mother's eye, it was denied him.

ANDRÉ.

The villains !

TALLMADGE.

This, my countrymen to you  
Will not do, even in revenge ; and yet,



One thing was done to Hale, which they will do,—  
I must be open—understand me,—He  
Was sentenced as a spy, and hanged.

[*A short silence.*]

ANDRÉ.

You said

He had a mother ?

TALLMADGE.

A fond, aged mother.

[*A longer silence.*]

ANDRÉ.

Pardon me, Sir, I fear your last few words  
Received but poor attention. I suppose  
That he was executed.

FRANKS (*aside to Tallmadge*).

Let us leave him.

In your narration you have touched some chord  
On which his whole life's music slept ; and now,  
For the first time, awakes with sounds of pain.

[*Exeunt FRANKS and TALLMADGE.*]

(ANDRÉ *continues standing in the same attitude.*)

## S C E N E I I .

*The same.—A public room.—A number of General Officers, constituting the Board of Commissioners met to investigate the case of ANDRÉ.—ANDRÉ, TALLMADGE, and a guard of soldiers.—General GREEN sitting as President.*

GREEN.

The evidence is before us : if the accused  
Have aught to say, he has permission now.

ANDRÉ.

I have not much to say, and in that little  
I feel myself prejudged. Your charge is this :  
That I was near your outposts found disguised,  
And on my person, some intelligence  
Of value to our army. This is true.  
You know the tale too well to make it needful  
That I should show by what necessity  
I was thus found. At the request of one  
High in command with you, I came on shore,  
And *I came* undisguised.

GREEN.

Did you conceive  
Your landing had the sanction of a flag ?

ANDRÉ.

I came at night, and on a secret mission,  
And yet I came not as a spy. I harbored  
No thought of treachery,—had no design  
To palm myself upon you for another,  
And steal your secrets. When, against my will,  
Forced to return disguised, the information  
Found on my person, your own officer  
Committed to my keeping. And if this,  
With no intention, of myself, to gain,  
Or use my borrowed habit to acquire  
Such information, is to be a spy,  
Then am I one—if not, then am I not.

GREEN.

Your noble candor, Sir, concedes the facts  
That will control our verdict. I will add,  
That had it been a common British soldier,  
Who, one of like condition in our army  
Had aided in betrayal of his trust,  
And had been found disguised, with written proof  
Of his own practice and the other's treason

Concealed about him,—none on either side  
 Had hesitated to call *him* a spy.  
 Where higher rank is compromised, to aid  
 In the betrayal of a higher trust,  
 The turpitude is greater : and although,  
 Without intention, doubtless, to subject  
 Yourself to the great danger that now threatens,  
 You made yourself the agent, to become  
 The victim of another's crime—our duty  
 Is to pronounce you an undoubted spy ;  
 And subject to be dealt with as the laws  
 Of war require ; and our clear conscience adds,  
 May God be merciful, where man is just !

[*The court rises. Exeunt all but TALLMADGE,  
 ANDRÉ, and the guard.*

ANDRÉ.

Come hither, Major Tallmadge. You have been  
 A kinder keeper to me than your warrant  
 Or my desert could justify ; and yet  
 You owe me something. 'Twas your interference  
 That on my first detention, at the crisis  
 And turning point of all my destiny,  
 Prevented my return to Arnold's quarters,  
 And so procured my death.

TALLMADGE.

Was I to blame ?

A N D R É .

You did as I should do by you. Come near,  
Survey me. Do you see the marks of fear  
And weakness in my aspect? Has the blood  
Betrayed my cheek? Do I grow pale and tremble  
At the stern face my destiny puts on?

T A L L M A D G E .

You look as usual ; and no doubt confront  
Your natural fears with manly fortitude.

A N D R É .

But I am weak. O God ! no child is weaker.

[*He approaches, and leans on TALLMADGE.*

Tallmadge, I know your nature stern, and there-  
fore

Believe it strong, and one to lean upon.

Yours is a true heart, a true manly heart,

I feel—I felt it from the first ; and now,

Because you owe me something, as I said,

Though I accuse you not, in recompense,

Your heart must taste the bitterness of mine.

I have—this tightness at the throat prevents—

I'd say—

(*He turns to the guard.*)

May these men go ?



TALLMADGE.

Retire a moment,  
And stand without the door.

ANDRÉ.

I sought to say  
That I have sisters and a mother. Now,  
Even while I speak, they wait for news of me,  
And smile, and speak, with hopeful fond conjecture,  
Of some new honor lighted on the head  
Of their hearts' idol—whom they've learned to  
think

Is that of fortune too. And they will hear—  
O! were it of my death alone, I might  
Be cheerful. Had it been my fate to fall  
In arms and honor on the open field,  
Where life-blood shed, is a serene libation  
Poured on a country's altar, in the sight  
Of all mankind, I had not felt these pangs,  
This wild disturbance, this keen shuddering chill  
At the fore-tasted cup of death; nor they  
The agony that they will feel to hear  
The ghastly tidings soon to fall on ears  
That never more will hear a joyful sound.

*[He turns from TALLMADGE, and stands for  
awhile, as if lost in thought.]*

I was obscure and happy ; O, too happy !  
I broke the sacred human ties that bound  
My wildly restless wishes to a life  
Of peaceful humble joy. And I have found,  
O yes, I may say fame—I shall be famous !  
A death of shame—a shame that makes death  
mean,  
A death that makes shame ghastly—is the end  
Of all my inspirations of success,  
My hopes that blushed to know themselves for  
hopes,  
My cautious daring, and my ardent thought.  
Dreams ! dreams ! It is all darkness now before me,  
That was so late a scene lit up and splendid  
With bright deceitful torches, waving on  
To farther glory. High-aspiring André !  
One sentence will tell all, and be your record—  
Hanged as a spy, will be your history !

*(A pause.)*

They came, they crowded round me, the illusive,  
The treacherous visions—they allured me on,  
The blooming spectres ! garlands waved around,  
And music stirred my pulses. Silently  
They pointed to the future ; yet methought  
I read a glorious promise in their eyes.  
But suddenly they change ; each wears a shroud,

And scowls on me with looks of death ; they crowd,  
 They press upon me from behind, they urge,  
 They thrust me on ; and there, before me, stands—  
 O God ! I cannot speak it, cannot name  
 To my own ears, the thing which threatens me  
 With more than pain of dying ; and beneath it  
 I see a felon's coffin ; and beyond,  
 A lonely, naked, and dishonored grave.

[*He covers his eyes with his hands, and stands motionless. TALLMADGE, as if afraid to disturb him, also remains motionless, and regards him with a look of sympathy.*

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SCENE III.

*The same.—A street.*

*Enter FRANKS and VARICK.*

FRANKS.

A soldier, of the name of Champe, has ventured  
 To go, disguised, into New York ; the plot,  
 Thus far, has prospered. Arnold can be captured  
 By a small number of determined men,  
 Whom Champe will meet there.

VARICK.

Now, may Heaven, or Congress,  
Send him an epaulette ! I'd give my own,  
Although it was through Arnold that I gained it,  
To see his frowning face beneath the gallows,  
Instead of smiling André.

FRANKS.

Secret friends,  
Of both sides, in the city, will assist us,  
Being assured that by this means alone  
They can save André. Thus, we have discovered  
The house in which he lodges—are to find  
A boat moored in the river, and disguised  
As strolling sailors, favored by the night  
We shall surprise him, seize, and bind him fast,  
And bear him off in triumph.

*Enter* TALLMADGE.

VARICK.

Here comes one  
Who should know something of the secret game  
In which ill-fortuned André's life is played,  
With little doubt, against the higher card.  
What news of André ?—

TALLMADGE.

Washington is steadfast.  
Commissioners from both sides are to meet :  
But that you know.

FRANKS.

And with what hope we know ;  
There's better even in my hair-brained plot ;  
And if that fail, why then the hapless André  
May, as his mood is, frown, or smile, or weep  
His farewell to the world. I did believe,  
Nay would have sworn, that Washington would save  
him.  
But he is much too faultless to feel pity ;  
Too good and great to be more great and better.  
He is all justice, rigid, iron justice,  
Untempered by the gold alloy of mercy.

TALLMADGE.

Why, he is merciful to you and me,  
And to the many thousands of brave men  
Who venture life and fortune in this war.  
Before mankind, and Heaven, we have asserted  
Our independence,—these four bloody years  
Maintained it with the sword ; and we must show  
The hesitating world the free commission



---

We hold from God, at our own will and peril  
To do all acts that may pertain to nations.

FRANKS.

He dies, then, not because his death is just,  
Although it were so, nor because he ran  
Intelligently upon danger. No !  
We need, state policy demands—a victim.  
To me, I will confess, this policy  
Seems but a mean assassin, hired to stab,  
Where justice hesitates, and feels no strength  
To lift the sword. No, no. If we must be  
His executioners, let us say at once,  
It is because the man himself deserves,  
Not that we need, his death.

TALLMADGE.

But policy  
Did not condemn, although it will not save ;  
And if it be of force to turn the edge  
Of a judicial sentence, as it is,  
In every case of pardon, then why not  
Of force sufficient to prevent a pardon ?  
We do not plead the policy of justice,  
But the impolicy of mercy.

FRANKS.

Oh !

If it has come to pleading—I am silenced.

I have no skill in casuistry : compassion  
Is not a function of the brain, nor can  
The wiser heart that leans on its own instincts,  
Refute the processes, which, of a thread  
Of policy, can spin a cord to kill  
An innocent, brave man.

TALLMADGE.

The heart that trusts  
To its own instincts merely, often errs,  
And mistakes feebleness for strength of feeling.  
*I* have no feeling, doubtless,—no compassion  
To temper sterner thoughts? And Washington,  
Who from the very first, because determined  
By an example it would heed, to quell  
This British tampering with our discontent,  
Would never see him, fearing lest at sight  
Of the brave stripling, his large father's heart  
Should feel relentings,—he, too, has no pity !

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*New York.—A room in ARNOLD'S quarters.*

*Enter MRS. ARNOLD.*

MRS. ARNOLD.

At last !—and it has come to this : *his* hands  
Have raised the gibbet, and prepared the cord.  
Inhuman laws, as stern and blind as war  
That made them, claim their victim, and another  
Must be the sacrifice ! There is one way,  
Forgive me Heaven that I think of it !—  
I do not will it—no ! no ! God, thou knowest  
I would not have my husband yield himself  
To save this man ; but I cannot but feel  
That I would have him capable of this.  
O, it would wipe out half the infamy !  
Truth to humanity, and private ties,  
Would expiate his treason to the state,  
And military perfidy ; such stern  
Fidelity to one, make good the want  
Of public faith ; and 'gainst the citizen—

In the severest patriot's heart—the *man*  
 Would rise and plead for him. But will they, then,  
 O ! can they take his life, thus freely offered  
 To save another's ? No ! They will not, cannot.  
 A light breaks in on me—they surely cannot.

*Enter* ARNOLD, *in the uniform of a British officer.*

ARNOLD.

Your too prophetic bodings, in the end,  
 Have proved but half inspired. My new allies  
 Seem to conceive that, of myself, I am  
 A full equivalent for what they offered :  
 They give me rank quite equal to my higher,  
 But less substantial title, won from Congress  
 With greater effort. Trust me, you shall find  
 That though the hurricane has torn the oak  
 Out of its rooted place, it has again,  
 By the same wind, been planted broad and deep  
 In firmer soil, and still can give you shelter ;  
 Only upbraid me not, nor think to call  
 The irrevocable back, by tears and frenzy.

MRS. ARNOLD.

Because you were my shelter—while the storm  
 Hung doubtful, writhing on the hand of Heaven,  
 Reluctant, and still waiting for repentance,  
 I did accuse and pray.—It has begun

To unfold its bosom peril, and its lightnings  
Look in the face of Death, and watch his eye  
To see on whom it turns : I pray no more.  
Who ever prayed to Fate ?

ARNOLD.

Prophetic still !

And still a skeptic to my stars, although  
I stand here safe, where others had been ruined.  
But if you yet fear evil, you have friends :  
They hate me in their hearts ; and doubtless, *now*,  
They curse me with their lips : return to them ;  
You will be praised for it. As I have dared,  
I would bear all—alone.

MRS. ARNOLD.

And can you bear,

Do you bear all alone ? Is there not one  
Who suffers more ? One, on whose life has fallen  
The sword that glanced from yours ? One, too,  
whose death

Will leave the name of murder to avenge it ?

I recollect, when of my native city  
The British army held possession, he,  
In his first bloom of youth, scarce soldierly,  
And yet more hero-like than veterans  
Scarred in the field, won every heart to him



By his fair looks and manly courtesy,  
Tempered with fine and undisdainful pride.  
It seemed, to look on him, that he might pass,  
Like a young warlike deity, admired,  
And praised, through battle, and no hand be found  
To strike him with disfigurement or death.  
And now they dig for him a felon's grave ;  
And he must die a death so much abhorred,  
It taints the hand that deals it—by a means  
From which the haggard orphans of all hope,  
Despair's wild victims, who run eagerly  
On self-destruction, would shrink, shuddering, back,  
And choose to live.

ARNOLD.

Your fears, then, are for André ?  
But still you start at shadows ; on my life,  
These threats of the Americans are such.

MRS. ARNOLD.

Yes, shadows, fearful, as they will be found  
Faithful to the dark purposes which shape them.

ARNOLD.

Their generals have sentenced him, 'tis true ;  
And just as plain that 'tis for some advantage  
They hope to gain by way of compromise.  
Perhaps—at once, they will demand that I  
Shall be delivered up to them !

MRS. ARNOLD.

And how,  
If tempted to make void a barren contract,  
And save a favorite, the commissioners  
Should listen to them?

ARNOLD.

I still wear my sword.  
It is a toy, here, by my side, at present,  
But was, and may be more. At Danbury  
It saved my life, and therefore may well serve  
To take it; I might rather say again  
To save it—more than save it! Can you dream  
That I would live to die beneath the eyes  
Of my old enemies,—and new ones—friends  
That are no longer friends—I almost die—  
By the great God in Heaven! it stops my heart.  
To think of it; to save the world, I could not.  
'Twould be to taste damnation, and not death!  
I tremble, but it is not fear. The thought  
Even of the cord does not unman me—no!  
It is the hands that hold it; 'tis their grasp  
Upon my throat that makes me weak and faint  
With hate that is like death.

MRS. ARNOLD.

But, if you freely  
Delivered up yourself for André's sake,  
O, could they, would they dare to touch your life ?  
I will go with you ; Washington is noble,  
I'll fall down at his feet—

ARNOLD.

You at his feet ?  
And I—it strangles me to speak again  
The thing you uttered, and my loathing soul  
Tastes its own poison : What ! It looks well—I,  
Of him, proud, cold, impassive Washington,  
A beggar for an hour's existence longer !

MRS. ARNOLD.

But the alternative of this may be  
A far worse thing.

ARNOLD.

What worse thing, out of hell ?

MRS. ARNOLD.

What more humiliating can be feared  
Than that which will befall us in the event  
Of André's death ? By that we shall be thrown  
As life-long pensioners on enemies,

Whose scorn will be our safety. O, be warned !  
This is your second peril—this the rock  
On which your new-embarked adventure drives,  
With fatal swiftness ; the still treacherous pilot,  
Your evil spirit, laughing in the shrouds,  
And wild-eyed shipwreck standing by the helm.  
The living can be met, their life itself,  
Subjecting them to what they would inflict,  
Gives power to opposition. But the dead  
Are dreadful enemies. At every point  
In your career, some viewless influence  
Reaching from André's grave, will thrust you back,  
Powerless, from fortune. On the very step  
And threshold of preferment, will your feet  
Slip in his blood : his name will be a curse,  
Heard, like a mind-born echo, in all ears  
At sound of yours—and to your own, his fate  
Be Heaven's mercy.

ARNOLD.

Feeling takes you far !  
I might suspect, aye, and I partly do,  
That personal motives lead you to prefer  
My honor to my life. This youth, this André,  
Has claims upon your gratitude, perhaps,  
Which I have not established, though your hus-  
band.

Your family are loyal, very loyal !  
 And if they, more than ever, hate me now,  
 As I suspect they do, I know 'tis not  
 Because of my defection, but my failure.  
 They doubtless favored him, as you, in heart,  
 Though not in your ambition, may have done.

MRS. ARNOLD.

Neither in my ambition nor my heart,  
 Nor in my views. I liked him—not his cause,  
 And saw you both, ere I chose one ; and now,  
 Even for the preference' sake which then I showed,  
 O, save him !

ARNOLD.

Were it in some other way !  
 O, were it but to spring, as I have dreamed,  
 When in my sleep he seemed to call for help,  
 Into the storm-blind sea—what man would dare  
 Leap in before me ? Were it in the field  
 To rescue him, and all my enemies  
 Stood, armed, around him, frowning death and  
 shame ;  
 No league of desperate madmen to bring off  
 Their king or colors, ever dared as I  
 Would dare for him. But now, what can I do ?  
 I have the power, indeed, nor lack the daring



To do what you advise ; but strong repugnance  
Masters the weaker motive, and the will  
Lies bound in its own chain. And if his death  
Will arm the invisible and restless hands  
Of coward slander 'gainst me,—let them strike !  
I am no novice in that kind of warfare,  
Not weak, nor imbecile, nor to be hurt  
By such like shadows as they wield, nor wounds  
That words can make ; though they should be  
such sounds

As Traitor, Murderer, and like epithets,  
Whose hateful meanings men like basilisks shoot  
One at another—their sharp, viewless points  
Dipped in the killing poison of their nature.

MRS. ARNOLD (*aside*).

His sullen mood is on ; and I but stand  
Upon the shore of his chafed mind, and see  
The turbid waters dash themselves in foam.

[*Exit.*

ARNOLD.

Yet she speaks truth ; she is inspired to give  
A shape to my dim fears ; I see already  
That André is a cloud upon their favor  
To keep its rays from me. He saved my life ;  
That is his crime with my old friends, as is  
My want of power to save him, with my new.

I pity him : the warning that saved me  
Has proved his own death-warrant. But to throw  
The game into their hands ; to give my throat  
To my own knife ! It is not fear deters me,  
No ! I can say to my own heart, not fear.  
What should I fear ? I shall not seem a wolf  
With broken fangs, clutched by the throat and  
strangled,  
But as a lion that stalks freely in,  
And dares the amphitheatre. By Heaven !  
I've half a mind to do it. I shall still  
Be free, because self-offered ; and unconquered,  
Because I yield myself without constraint.  
Then, let them seize me, let them pierce and tear,  
Like Indians, their stake-bound foe ; each blow,  
Each stab, will give the lie to their fond notions  
That I am treacherous, selfish ;—and my blood  
Will blot the record in their lying annals.

[*Exit.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.

*Dobbs' Ferry.—A room in an inn.—General GREEN and other OFFICERS, constituting the American Commission. To these, enter General ROBERTSON, Colonel ROBINSON, and other officers of his suite; and, behind them, ARNOLD, wrapped in a military cloak that conceals his person.*

ROBERTSON (*to Green*).

'Tis understood that all who land with me,  
Are equally protected by the flag.

GREEN.

It is; I only wonder at the question.

ROBERTSON.

Our powers are ample; and I think that you  
Are not such willing executioners,  
But that some way may be devised to spare  
Your sense of justice its distasteful office  
On our young countryman.

GREEN.

Our hands are tied  
By our commission ; yet we have some hope  
In your success—which we should feel as ours.

[ARNOLD *discovers himself, and advances.*

SEVERAL AMERICAN OFFICERS (*speaking to each  
other in confusion*).

What ! He ? Yes—No—So like him !

1ST OFFICER.

It is he.

'Tis the King's scarlet that has changed his looks.  
Heaven ! so unblushingly to wear it here,  
And flaunt it in our eyes—

2D OFFICER.

It blushes *for* him.

1ST OFFICER.

But it shall not protect him—he's an outlaw.

GREEN.

To us, but not to them. Respect the flag.

ARNOLD.

You, General, I ever have regarded—

GREEN (*abruptly to Robertson*).

If that man has a share in this commission,  
I do not treat with *him*.

ARNOLD.

Ha ! When we stood  
On the same ground, and when our swords might  
reach,  
You dared not use me thus.

ROBERTSON (*to Arnold*).

Have you gone mad ?

(*To Green.*)

We are empowered to give you in exchange  
For Major André any officer,  
Though of the highest rank, whom we retain  
A prisoner of war.

GREEN.

There is one man  
Amongst you, who is not a prisoner,  
Nor yet one of you ; there he stands, and him,  
Him only, we are authorized to accept  
As an equivalent for your countryman.



## ROBERTSON.

To this we cannot listen ; British honor  
Is dearer, in our eyes, than British life.

## ARNOLD.

And now hear me. For all that André did,  
I only am, of right, responsible  
To them who sent you hither,—as I am,  
In some degree, to others, for his safety.  
What they will do, 'tis not for me to say  
Although I know that at their mercy lie  
A multitude of prisoners, whose lives  
Stand fairly forfeited in this rebellion :  
But I am to command a British column ;  
And at the moment André dies, from me  
Tell Washington—he knows me—that till then  
I still retained some sense of ancient ties :  
But thenceforth I am changed. No foreign wolf  
That ever from his floating lair leaped down  
On a defenceless shore, but had more mercy  
Than I will have on my own countrymen.  
All shall be held participators ; all—  
To my own kindred—guilty of the crime.  
Cities and villages shall burn by daylight  
Around their silent bells ; and fire shall hiss  
Along their streets against the stream of slaughter.

They would have *me*, would buy me, life for life !  
Go back, and tell these cunning barterers  
Of their own bloody verdict,—As they write  
The fate of André upon this war's record,  
And in the self-same character, shall all  
Its history be written : if in blood,  
Then let them look to see no other color  
Where'er my hand appears ; and, by my word,  
Red shall not seem to stain it !

GREEN.

What you do,  
Those whom you serve must justify. To us  
The daylight howl of the uncaverned wolf  
Portends no harm ; 'tis night and treachery only  
That makes him dangerous.

(*To Robertson.*)

Sir, farewell ; 'tis clear  
That conference is useless.

[*Exeunt GREEN and the AMERICANS.*]

ROBINSON.

Wrong ! all wrong !  
Our purpose is to save, not to revenge him ;  
It was no time for threats.

ARNOLD.

No, nor persuasion.  
I had a surer means. 'Twas my intention,  
My full determination, when I came—  
Nor is it now too late—to act a part  
That I've rehearsed to no one. But to hear  
This man make the demand!

ROBERTSON.

But you should first  
Have seen if 'twas his pleasure to know *you*,  
And not addressed him else.

ARNOLD.

And you too think  
That my return to loyalty degrades me?  
This is the blossoming of royal favor,  
The flower of that sapless parasite,  
That grew so rank upon me, while my roots  
Still grasped their native soil, but perishes  
With my transplanting! But I find no fault:  
'Tis well—'tis natural—it is both royal  
And human nature. No—no fault, no fault!

[*Exeunt* ROBERTSON and the others: ARNOLD  
continues speaking, as if to himself.]

It is a child, whose ignorant impatience  
Complains of the inevitable—cold,  
And fickle heat ; and he a weaker child  
Who rails at human falsehood and injustice.  
Beasts to each other are more wise : the tiger  
Knows, if not loves, his kind ; and does not start  
To see the treacherous blood-thirst in the eye  
Of his own image ; doubtless also serpents  
Who share one bane, are innocent to each other.

[*Exit.*

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S C E N E   I I .

*New York.—A street.—SEVERAL PERSONS in the garb of sailors discovered waiting before a house ; with them, VARICK and FRANKS : the latter wearing a cloak, but not otherwise disguised.—Time, night.*

FRANKS.

I hear a step ! keep back, within the shadow.

1ST DISGUISE.

It moves another way ; it is not he.

VARICK.

I see the break of morning ; if not now  
Within, he's safe, and only we in danger.

FRANKS.

'Tis time we knew ; let's try his castle's strength.  
Make but one stroke of it ; the less we fear  
The noise we make, the less we make, to fear.

*[They burst the door.]*

VARICK.

Stand all—Franks only, and myself, will enter.

*[Enter the house FRANKS and VARICK.]*

2D DISGUISE.

I would as lieve they did so : I conceive  
An honest man will sometimes dread to look  
A villain in the eye, just as a villain  
Is thought to shun the other's.

1ST DISGUISE.

It is so.

Your conscience acts for his ; and makes you feel,  
In virtue of your common nature, shame  
That he feels not, perhaps, at sight of you.

*Re-enter FRANKS and VARICK.*

VARICK.

The game is up : to-day he left the city,  
Not to return to-night. What noise is that ?



FRANKS.

Fly ! the Philistines ! Each a different way !

*Enter a BRITISH PATROL.*

SEVERAL VOICES (*in confusion*).

Which way ? I heard them here—this way !  
where now ?

FRANKS.

Here—yonder—every way. I am the hindmost,  
And so fulfil the proverb ! I surrender.

[*Exeunt PATROL, with FRANKS.*

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SCENE III.

*Tappan.—A room in the place of ANDRÉ'S confinement.—  
The scene shows a table, on which lies a book, a plumed  
hat, and a sword.*

ANDRÉ (*before a window*).

The sun once more !—but once ! To others now  
He rises, but he sets to me. What still  
Remains to me of day, is like the pale  
Imprisoned daylight of a dream—a lamp  
Within a tomb, a light enclosed in darkness.  
There is a greater and eternal glory !

I know there must be—or this would not be.  
But still my eyes turn from it to the sun,  
The bright, warm sun ! And even that is made  
To act a part in my low, wretched doom.  
At noon—the time when sentenced murderers die—  
It silently but certainly will strike  
A night-hour—strike my hour of death ; and shine,  
And still shine on ; and earth and sky will smile  
As brightly as before. Just there to-morrow  
That line of light will fall as it does now ;  
And I—O darkness ! darkness !—Death and dark-  
ness  
Are but one thing ; and even now the twilight  
Is on my soul, and I see nothing clear.

*Enter a CHAPLAIN, in his robes.*

CHAPLAIN.

I trust that, in my absence, you have sought  
The consolations of this book ; well named  
The Book of Life ; for it is that alone,  
Whose words have power against the power of  
Death.

ANDRÉ.

I feel what they express—yes, I would hope  
All, all they mean. But they are words, though  
awful—

Are still but words ; of which the power and  
meaning  
Are less than in my thoughts ; or clearer there  
Than in these ill-seen symbols.

(*A pause.*)

Ah ! how many,  
With any one of whom to part were pain,  
And now I part with all ! They little know ;  
They little dream of it ! The sea, that was  
A few months' barrier to our meeting, now  
Is an eternity between us ! Yonder  
They breathe, they move ; but death has come so  
near,  
And stands so in my vision, that it throws  
Shadows on all things. Still they rise before me ;  
I cannot make them absent when I would :—  
The past, that I'd shut out, blends with the future ;  
Familiar looks come mingling with strange faces,  
That with the anticipated spectacle  
Of shame and death flow in, and stare at me  
With wonder and with pity. 'Tis not I  
But they that are to die, if I should trust  
This feeling of distressful nothingness,  
This emptiness around me, when I grasp  
For substance in the forms that paint themselves  
On the dim air, and bend half-breathing toward me.

*Enter* TALLMADGE.

O, welcome ! What says Washington ? But tell  
me  
I am to die by any other mode,  
And you will give me life again.

TALLMADGE.

I cannot.

ANDRÉ.

This is so bitter—so unnecessary !  
I did it all in honor—had no thought  
Except of honor. I could meet, though sentenced,  
A soldier's death, with soldier's nerve ; but this  
Is more than death !

TALLMADGE.

The view which makes the thing  
Seem necessary, also makes the mode.  
Don't think of it—'tis nothing : the aversion  
Men feel for it will not attach to you,  
But add to the compassion felt by all.

ANDRÉ.

'Tis your compassion, my kind friend, that seeks  
To make me think so. Have you lately heard  
Of them—of General and Mistress Arnold ?

TALLMADGE (*bitterly*).

He lives, and prospers !—but 'tis just to say  
Has made great efforts in his way to save you.

ANDRÉ.

And she—think you she knows that I saved *him* ?

TALLMADGE.

She doubtless saw your letter ; that, to you,  
So fatal message !

ANDRÉ (*takes a miniature from his bosom, and puts  
it in Tallmadge's hand*).

This is a poor likeness—

There—thus—a picture, taken by myself,  
Of her of whom I told you—of Honora.  
I lost her.—And I now have lost her name—  
The name for which I better loved her—Honor !

TALLMADGE.

Your honor is not lost : it lives, untouched,  
In your pure motives—in itself ! 'Tis like  
This picture, which is fresh and bright, although  
The gilded case is tarnished.

ANDRÉ.

Sadly tarnished ;  
When wounded once, and taken prisoner,  
I hid it in my mouth.



*[He takes it back, and regards it for a moment in silence.]*

It is in pity  
To me, you do not say 'tis fair ! Please see  
It buried with me.

*[Martial music without, and at a distance.]*

ANDRÉ.

Now, how soon ?

TALLMADGE.

An hour.

ANDRÉ.

Ah ! I feel wondrous calm : 'tis said, in drowning,  
That, at a certain point, the distressed life  
Gives up the struggle, and the full deep quiet  
Of death sets in, while one yet lives ; and thus  
It seems with me.

TALLMADGE.

Nature is merciful ;  
'Tis the unwilling soul that makes death painful.

ANDRÉ.

O, but not that alone ! It is the love  
Resisting death—the unwillingness of others.  
I had a dream last night, my last, at least  
My last one with a waking interval.

I was in England : all was as of old,  
Too fresh-imagined to seem less than real,  
Yet for reality too fair ; and I,  
Glad to be rid of all the cumbrous show  
And wild excitement of unresting war,  
Walked homeward through the quiet villages,  
And praised the blissful and soft face of peace,  
Unscarred by fire and sword. Joy was full-blown,  
And like a rose within me ; and sweet fancies  
Hovered around and fed upon the flower.  
So I passed on, until the blooming precincts  
Of home embraced me, and the very air  
Whispered low welcomings to the wanderer.  
I saw them, all together, and unchanged,  
Sisters and mother, and the one I loved.  
They smiled, and all seemed happy, and I said,  
Ere I could hear them, Now they speak of me !  
I entered full of gladness. My fond greeting  
They did not answer, but gazed strangely on me :  
I took the hands of her who was my love,  
Each in a hand of mine ; she shrank from me,  
And pale, and shuddering, sank down like snow.  
My sisters turned to stone : only my mother  
Came slowly toward me, and in such soft tones  
As I in childhood heard, and with such sad  
And questioning eyes, she said to me—My son !

What ails my son ? what have they done to thee ?  
And then I knew it all, and horror waked me !

TALLMADGE.

You should not think of such things at this moment.

It will unman you. I and all—forgive us !  
We could not, dared not, trust our hearts in this.

CHAPLAIN.

No, could not ; to be always merciful,  
Is Heaven's best privilege—might not I say  
Its sole prerogative, to be *always* just ?

TALLMADGE.

The escort !—Be prepared.

ANDRÉ (*who has not attended to the remarks of  
Tallmadge and the Chaplain*).

Oh, I have heard it,  
More often than the jarring axe and hammer,  
Whose sounds have told me where I am to die—  
“What ails my son ? What have they done to  
thee ?”

*Enter the OFFICER in command, GREEN, JAMESON, and other OFFICERS, who approach ANDRÉ, and take his proffered hand in si-*

lence. *In the meantime, soldiers enter and fill the back-ground. ANDRÉ takes up his sword and hat, as if prepared to go.*

TALLMADGE (*throwing his arms round André, and embracing him*).

O mine is the worst fortune, in this way  
To part with you !

ANDRÉ (*returning his embrace*).

My friend !—Ah, it is when  
Life's torch burns clear—though pale, yet strong  
and clear—

Against death's shadow, that the shadows vanish  
Which stood between our spirits, and thenceforth  
There's no chill in the touch of heart to heart.

[*To the OFFICER in command.*

Sir, let me not delay you : shall we go ?

[*As they go out, a plaintive air commences in the street.*

## SCENE IV.

*Tappan.*—*A street.*—*Enter a number of WOMEN and COUNTRYMEN.*

## YOUNG WOMAN.

Oh! and so young he is, and they say the handsomest man!—and if it were not that General Arnold can't be taken, as innocent as the babe unborn!

## OLD WOMAN.

There'll be some disappointment or other, I've made up my mind to it. A pardon, or something of that kind 'll come just at the nick! If it wasn't for a hangin' or a buryin' now and then, Lord knows, I see little enough of life!

## 3D WOMAN.

Well, I never saw but one man hung, and he had a cap drawn over his face, so 'twas but little good it did me; but he yerked, and yerked.



## OLD WOMAN.

How can you try one's nerves so, and the hangin' to go through with? I warrant you, it makes me as weak as a cat!

*Enter* 4TH WOMAN.

## 4TH WOMAN.

O, the young Englishman won't be hanged, after all! They've got the traitor, they've taken Arnold. Up there, now—this moment, they're hanging him in the place of André.

## COUNTRYMAN.

Up there? Why the gallows is yonder—there they are hanging Arnold in effigy.

*They pass over, and enter* PAULDING, WILLIAMS, VAN WERT, *and several* CITIZENS *and* SOLDIERS.

## 1st CITIZEN.

To each of you two hundred dollars—faith,  
A very good reward! Now, brother Paulding,  
Show us the medal, come; it warms my heart  
To see a poor man's merits thus rewarded.

## PAULDING.

Well, here it is; FIDELITY on this side—

1ST SOLDIER.

Which means that you behaved like honest men ;  
But on the other side—what's this ?

PAULDING.

'Tis Latin ;  
And means—eh, Williams ! that we love our  
country.

WILLIAMS.

Yes, so they told us ; and 'tis curious, Paulding,  
That this should be the very thing you said  
In answer to the offers André made us ;  
Which shows me that a poor man's words may be  
Put into Latin, just as a poor man  
Into fine clothes, and look as grand, and seem  
As strange to old acquaintances as he.

CITIZEN (*of Dutch descent*).

We shall be late ; I see them coming yonder.  
Poor fellow ! well, a fever might have done it.  
Some say that he's not English ; make him English,  
Or make him French—I say that he is Dutch :  
My wife has cried for him as much to-day,  
As for our Hendrick, after Saratoga.

3d CITIZEN.

And mine has been more exercised, I guess,  
Than she will ever be for Jacob Thomson.

## 2D SOLDIER.

Perhaps when you are hanged, she will regret it,  
 Though you are *not* a soldier ; but to André  
 The women are so pitiful, I think  
 In place of him they'd see their husbands hanged.

[*A drum is heard.*

Eh comrades, hark ! that calls us to the ranks.

[*He looks at PAULDING and the others.*

I wish these Minute Men, who have had all  
 The pay and glory, had this business too—  
 This gallows work : I'd rather, for myself,  
 Again be beaten at the Brandywine.

[*Exeunt in the same direction as the others.*

## SCENE V.

*The same : an open place.—A gallows in the distance—a company of soldiers drawn up on each side, leaving an interval, through which it is seen from the front.—Behind them a miscellaneous crowd.—Enter to these a body of soldiers, and arrange themselves with the others ; then the OFFICER IN COMMAND and ANDRÉ (in the full dress of a British Officer) walking between TALLMADGE and the CHAPLAIN, and accompanied by GREEN, JAMESON, and other OFFICERS.*

—*Behind these, another small division of soldiers.—*  
*As ANDRÉ comes in sight of the gallows, he stops suddenly.*

CHAPLAIN.

Sir, why this pause ?

ANDRÉ.

'Twas all in loyalty,  
All, all in honor—and I die by *that!*

CHAPLAIN.

We thought you reconciled.

ANDRÉ.

And so I am :  
It is not that ; I am reconciled to death,  
But O, not to the mode !

OFFICER IN COMMAND.

If Major André  
Has aught to say—

ANDRÉ (*looking firmly around*).

I would but say, let all  
Who see my death, when they shall speak of me,  
Bear witness that I died like a brave man.

[*They move on toward the place of execution.*]

## S C E N E V I .

*New York.*—*A room in ARNOLD'S quarters.*—ARNOLD,  
ROBERTSON and MRS. ARNOLD.

ROBERTSON.

I still feel hope ; yet their commissioner  
Was plain and frank ; and Washington is noted  
For his direct and open policy.

MRS. ARNOLD.

There is no hope. Even from the first, I felt  
As when one reads a guilty tale, and knows  
The end is horror.

ARNOLD.

Fear as frequently  
Deceives as hope ; though its presentiments  
Are like religion to the mind of women.

ROBERTSON.

Have you no fear ?

ARNOLD.

Yes ; but the more they threaten,  
The less I fear. While they've the card in hand,  
It tells upon the game,—once played, 'tis worthless.



ROBERTSON.

There's reason in that view.

*Enter* ROBINSON.

ROBINSON.

I shall be pardoned  
My abrupt entrance, if this letter's contents  
Confirm its bearer's tidings.

ROBERTSON.

With your leave.

*[He reads the letter.]*

He is dead !

MRS. ARNOLD.

Is dead.

ARNOLD.

Why he is dead then—dead !  
And, once again, say dead—then let him rest  
In silence, and be silently avenged.  
He died, himself, but once ; and why for us  
Should he die oftener ? There's no help for death.

MRS. ARNOLD.

Nor for the living dead. The end has come—  
We should be glad. Our evil destiny  
Is consummated, perfect ; and hereafter

Has no misfortune for us, and no fear.  
The past makes all the future.—God in heaven,  
I do not even ask help of Thee !

*[She sinks down, unnoticed.]*

ARNOLD.

He risked,  
In every petty skirmish, no less danger  
To do less service. Yet 'twas damnable !  
Mere butchery and bloody-mindedness ;  
A dastard and disguised revenge on me,  
For my defection. Yes, to sprinkle me  
With innocent blood, they plunged their hands in it.  
The hour is theirs—they have a moment's triumph :  
But in achieving it they have begun—  
Where tragedies end—a drama whose first act  
Is murder—but whose last shall be as pale  
With retribution. They shall have no cause,  
Like common murderers, to start at spectres.  
Shapes of substantial evil, real horrors,  
Shall be the conscience of their homicide.

ROBERTSON.

That will not give him life again ; our André !  
The young, and brave !

ARNOLD.

But, Sir, the royal cause  
Shall be no loser. It has lost one friend,  
And gains in me another, pledged to vengeance.

ROBERTSON.

Sir, we can judge of that. 'Tis not your office,  
And ill becomes one in your place, to rate  
The consequence of André's death to us.

ARNOLD.

But you mistake me ! There lives not the man  
Who more desired his safety than did I ;  
And had I once conceived his death so near,  
Or known it certain, I'd have shown the world  
That no man cared for it as much as I.  
It was my full intention, my fixed purpose,  
To give my life for his, or cast myself  
Into the hands, at least, of those who seek it.

ROBERTSON.

Had we but known it, you should not have wanted  
Our countenance to the act.

MRS. ARNOLD (*rising*).

What stroke like this  
Has André suffered ? This is worse than death !

[*Exit.*]

## ROBERTSON.

'Twere best you understood me, General Arnold,  
And your position, which you might mistake,  
If unexplained. Henceforth our intercourse  
Must be official, simply such ;—Adieu.

[*Exit.*

## ARNOLD.

Ha ! am I Arnold still ? or have I changed  
My nature with my party ? Has my heart  
Grown white beneath this scarlet livery,  
That I should hear these insults, and my sword  
Rest in its scabbard, and not leap to meet  
His insolent tongue ! My God—it must be so !  
For once my brain seethes, and my blood is cold.  
He bears the King's commission, and is higher  
In rank than I am, and has equal power  
To ruin as insult me, an unfriended  
And helpless man : but had the King himself  
Stood in his place, with death upon his lips,  
I should have struck the dastard who insulted  
My helpless fortunes ! Coward ! coward ! coward !  
I have no courage to resent, no will, no power.  
They have me at their mercy, and they know it,  
These old, new enemies ! I am a man  
Without a home, a country, or a friend.

*Enter FRANKS.*

Franks ! you ? Why this is strange. A prisoner ?

FRANKS.

Yes, of my own design I have been taken,  
Have given my parole, and now am here ;  
And to meet you once more was my sole purpose.

ARNOLD.

My old, tried comrade ! my true friend in need !  
Never in all my life felt I such want  
Of a true-hearted friend. The death of André  
Has set the stream against me, on whose bosom  
I trusted all my fortunes. They insult  
And slight me here : or, if at times more gracious,  
Their faces are but painted with their smiles,  
And frowns lie under them. My faithful Franks !

*[He approaches, and leans on FRANKS.*

Let my heart feel you, thus ; forgive the weakness :  
It moves me at this time beyond my nature,  
To know there's one man who still clings to me.  
My wife is alienated ; and my path  
Become a solitude, on which no being  
Sets willing foot. I needed such a one,  
One bound by former ties—I will not speak



Of favors now—who brings unaltered feelings  
To my reversed condition—and he comes !

FRANKS (*disengaging himself*).

Sir—General—Your confidence in me  
Is, as was mine in you, misplaced. I came—  
I must out with it—General—I came not  
To be your confidant.

ARNOLD.

Did you not say  
You came to meet me ? Of what other man  
Could I believe this ? but of you I did.

FRANKS.

I came to right myself—but thus to see you—  
In that red coat, unmans me with mere shame.

ARNOLD.

Make not all quarrels yours ; but tell me now,  
What have I done to undo all the past ?  
I mean—what done to you ?

FRANKS.

At Saratoga  
You struck me with your sword ; but 'tis not that—

ARNOLD.

Did I not make amends, and you forgive me ?

FRANKS.

Yes, the brave soldier fully, freely, did I ;—  
Not the hired traitor !

ARNOLD.

Ha !

*[He draws his sword, and advances a step towards FRANKS, then drops the point and seems to muse.]*

FRANKS.

It is not that ;  
I said it was not that ; although the blow  
Now seems as vile as once I held it light,  
Nay, almost honorable ! But it is,  
That you deceived me—made me the blind tool  
Of your designs, your dupe, your trumpeter ;  
Beguiled me, with the fable of your wrongs,  
To hate just men, whom you had wronged, and  
boast  
And swagger in your cause, and make myself  
A fool or villain in the eyes of others.  
Nor is it only that you cheated me  
Of admiration, service, and affection,  
But you have robbed me of my trust in manhood.  
Undoubtedly I leaned upon your honor—

With my whole soul. It broke, and wounded me,  
And I shall halt even to my grave, and find  
No second man that I can lean upon.

ARNOLD.

Here, take my sword, and strike ! wipe out the  
blow,  
And all dishonor ; after all I know—  
And 'tis a joy—that I meet death from him,  
Of all who hate me, my least enemy.

FRANKS.

General—I—I—

ARNOLD.

Take it, and strike ! Return  
To loyalty has branded me a traitor ;  
A death I would have perished to prevent,  
Stains me with murder,—'tis but right, my friend  
Should be my judge and executioner !

FRANKS (*speaking under strong excitement*).  
Give me the sword.

[ARNOLD, *with a look of surprise, but without  
hesitation, gives him the sword.*

You stand there firm, undaunted,  
There is no shrinking in your mien ; your eye

Is powerful and calm : no one can doubt  
Your courage, or the unconquerable force  
Of a great mind, that ever on itself  
Built for attainment of its ends ; and yet,  
A life passed in great deeds, now shows but one  
Poor, common virtue—that you dare to die !  
'Twere no fit vengeance for the death of André,  
That you should fall, self-sentenced, on the sword  
Grasped by a soldier and a man of honor ;  
But in my country's name, and in the right  
Of my untainted honor, as a hireling,  
A renegade, and traitor—I degrade you.

*[He breaks the sword, and throws down the  
pieces at the feet of ARNOLD.]*

THE END.

The first part of the report deals with the general situation of the country and the progress of the war. It is followed by a detailed account of the military operations in the various theaters of the war. The author then discusses the political and economic conditions of the country and the impact of the war on the population. The report concludes with a summary of the author's findings and recommendations.

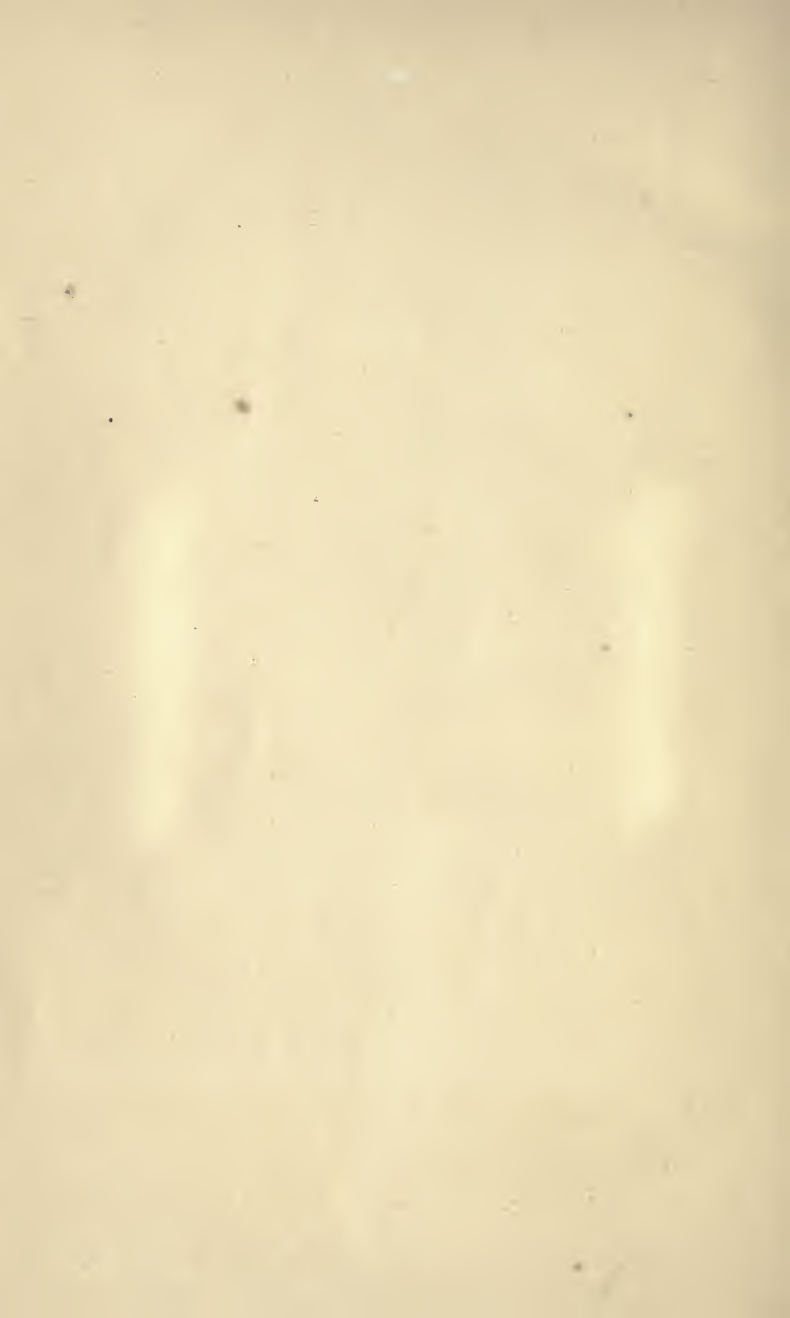
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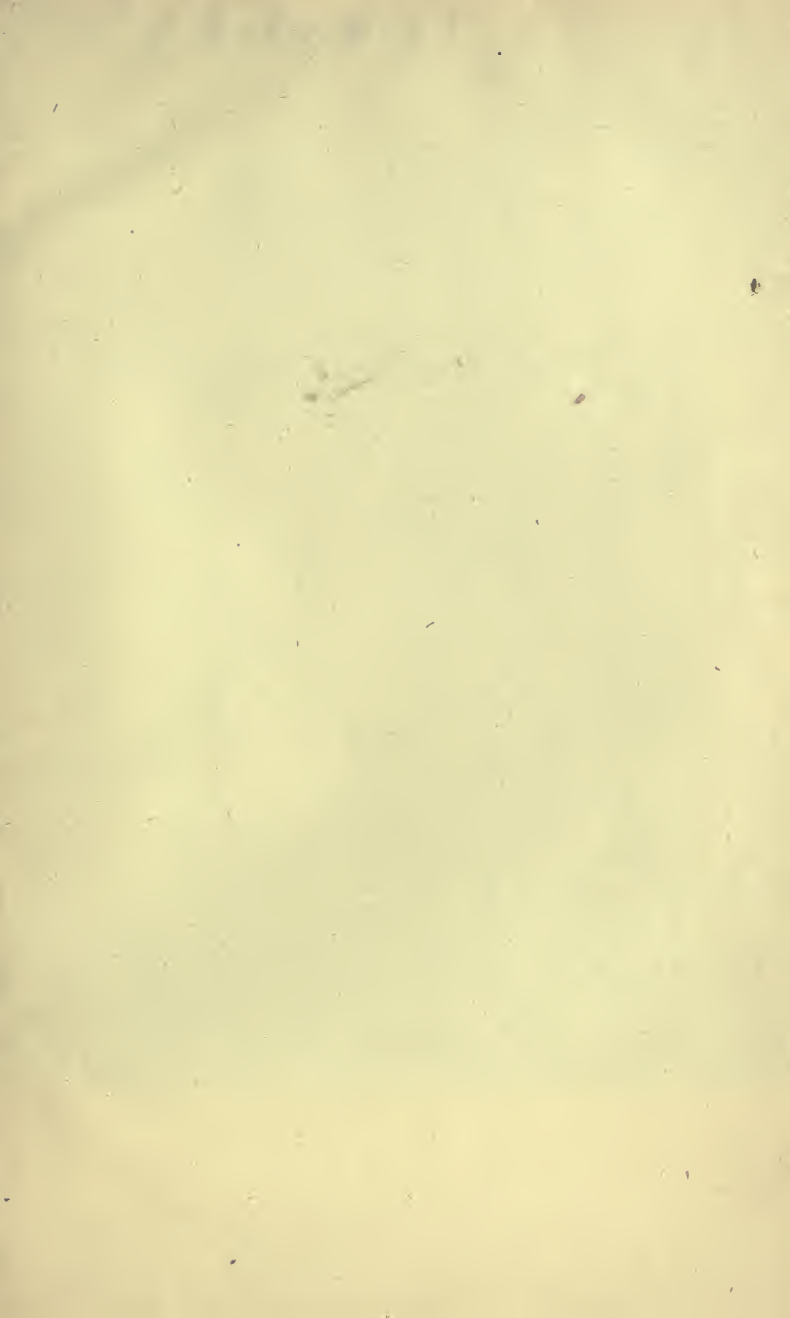
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